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Religio, Medici.

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Religio Medici.

FOr my Religion, though there be ſeverall circumſtances that might perſwade the world, that I have none at all, as the generall ſcandall of my profeſſion, the natural courſe of my ſtudies the indifferency of my behaviour, and diſcourſe in matters of Religion, neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardour of contention oppoſing another; yet in diſpight hereof I dare, without uſurpation, aſſume the honourable ſtile of a Chriſtian: not that I meerely owe this ſtile to the Font, my education, or the clime wherein I was borne, as being bred up either to confirme thoſe principles my Parents inſtilled into my unweary underſtanding; or by a generall conſent proceed in the Religion of my Countrey: But having, in my riper yeares, and confirmed judgement, ſeene and examined all, I finde my ſelfe obliged by the principles of Grace, and the law of my own reaſon, to embrace

no other name but this; neither doth herein my zeale so farre make me forget the generall charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks, Infidels, and (what is worse) Jewes, rather contenting my selfe to enjoy that happy stile, then maligning those who refuse so glorious a title. But because the name of a Christian is become toogeneral to expresse our faith, there being a Geography of Religions as well as of Land, and every Clime distinguished not only by their lawes and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of Faith: To be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast Religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name, of the same beliefe that our Saviour taught, the Apostles disseminated, the Fathers authorized, and the Martyrs confirmed; but by the sinister ends of Princes, the ambition and avarice of Presbyters, and the fatal corruption of times so decaied, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the carefull and charitable hand of the times to restore it to its primitive integrity: now the accidental occasions where-

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on the ſlender meanes whereby the low & abject condition of the perſon by whom ſo good a worke was ſet on foote, which in our adverſaries beget contempt and ſcorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very ſame objection the inſolent Pagans firſt caſt againſt Chriſt and his Diſciples.

Yet have I not ſhaken hands with thoſe deſperate Reſolvers, who had rather venture at large their decaied bottome, then bring her in to be new trim'd in the dock; who had rather promiſcuouſly retaine all, then abridge any, and obſtinately be what they are, than what they have beene, as to ſtand in diameter and ſwords point with them; we have reformed from them, not againſt them; for omitting thoſe impropetations and termes of ſcurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections, and not our cauſe, there is betwixt us one common name, and appellation, one faith, and neceſſary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not ſcrupulous to converſe and live with them, to enter their Churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them: I could

never perceive any rationall consequence from those many texts which prohibit the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the Temples of the Heathens; we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might prophane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator any where, especially in places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him, if theirs prophane it, mine may hallow it; holy water and the Crucifix (dangerous to the commonpeople) deceive not my judgement, nor abuse my devotion at all: I am I confesse, naturally inclined to that, which misguided zeale tearmes superstition, my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions, which may expresse, or promote my invincible devotion; I should cut off my arme, rather than violate a Church window, than deface

face or demoliſh the memory of a Saint or Martyr; at the ſight of a Croſſe or Crucifix I can diſpence with my hat, but not with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at the fruitleſſe journeys of Pilgrims, or contemne the miſerable condition of Fryers; For though miſplaced circumſtances, there is ſomething in it of devotion: I could never heare the *Ave Marie* Bell without an occaſion, or think it a ſufficient warrant, becauſe they erred in one circumſtance, for me to erre in all, that is in ſilence and dumbe contempt; where therefore they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errours of their prayers by rightly ordering mine owne; at a ſolemne proceſſion I have wept abundantly, while my conſorts blind with oppoſition and prejudice, have fallen into an exceſſe of ſcorne and laughter: there are queſtionleſſe both in Greeke, Roman and Africa Churches, ſolemnities, and ceremonies, whereof the wiſer zeales doe make a Chriſtian uſe, and ſtand condemned by us; not as evill in themſelves, but as allurances and baits of ſuperſtition

to thoſe vulgar heads that looke aſquint on the face of truth, and thoſe unſtable judgements that cannot conſiſt in the narrow point and centre of juſtice, without a reele or ſtagger to the circumference. As there are many Reformers, ſo likewiſe many Reformations; every Countrey proceeding in a particular way and Method, according as their naturall intereſt with their conſtitution and clime inclined them, ſome angerly and with extremity, others calmely, and with mediocrity, not rending, but eaſily dividing the community, and leaving an honeſt poſſibility of reconciliation, which the peaceable Spirits doe deſire, and may conceive that revolution of time, and mercies of God may effect; yet that judgement that ſhall conſider the preſent antipathies betweene the two extreames, their contrarieties in affection and opinion, may with the ſame hope expect an union in the poles of Heaven; but to difference my ſelfe neerer, and draw into the leſſer circle: There is no Church whoſe every part ſo ſquares unto my conſcience, whoſe articles, conſtitutions, and cuſtomes

ſeemes

ſeemes ſo conſonant unto reaſon, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this wherof I hold my beliefe, the Church of *England*, to whoſe faith I am a ſworne ſubject, and therefore in a double obligation, ſubſcribe unto her Articles, and endevour to obſerve her conſtitutions: no man ſhall retch my faith unto another Article, or command my obedience to a Canon more: whatſoever is beyond us, as points indifferent, I obſerve according to the rules of my private reaſon, or the humor or faſhion of my devotions, neither beleeving this, becauſe *Luther* affirmed it, or diſproving that, becauſe *Calvin* hath diſavouched it: I condemne not all things in the Councell of *Trent*, nor approve all in the Synod of *Dort*: In briefe, where the Scripture is ſilent, the Church is my Text, where that ſpeakes, it is but my comment, where there is a joynt ſilence of both, I borrow not the rules of my Religion from *Rome* or *Geneva*, but the dictates of my own reaſon. It is an unjuſt ſcandall of our adverſaries, and groſſe error in our ſelves, to compute the Nativity of our Religion from

Henry the eighth, who though he rejected the Pope, confuted not the faith of *Rome*, and effected no more than what his owne Predeceſſours deſired and aſſayed in ages paſt, and was conceived the State of *Venice* would have attempted in our dayes.

It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon thoſe popular ſcurrilities and opprobrious ſcoffes of the Biſhop of *Rome*, to whom as to a temporal Prince, we owe the duty of a good language: I confeſſe there is cauſe of paſſion betweene us, by his ſentence I ſtand excommunicated, Heretick is the beſt language he affords me, yet can no eare witneſſe I ever returned to him the name of Antichriſt, man of ſin, or whore of *Babylon*; It is the method of charity to ſuffer without reaction: thoſe uſuall Satyres, & invectives of the Pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whoſe eares are opener to Rhetoricke than Logicke, yet doe they no wiſe confirme the faith of wiſer beleevers, who knowes that a good cauſe needs not to be patronized by a paſſion, but can ſuſtaine it ſelfe upon a temperate diſpute.

I could never divide my ſelfe from any upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgement for not agreeing with me in that, from which perhaps within a few dayes I ſhould diſſent my ſelfe: I have no Genius to diſputes in Religion, and have often thought it wiſdome to decline them, and eſpecially upon a diſadvantage, or when the cauſe of Truth might ſuffer in the weakneſſe of my patronage: where we deſire to be informed, it is good to conteſt with men above our ſelves; but to confirme and eſtabliſh our opinions, it is beſt to agree with judgments below our owne, that the frequent ſpoiles and victories over their reaſons may ſettle in our ſelves an eſteeme, and confirme opinion of our owne. Every man is not a proper Champion for Truth, nor fit to take up the Gantlet in the cauſe of Verity: Many from the Ignorance of their Maximes, and an inconſiderate zeale to Truth, have too raſhly charged the troubles of error, and remaine as Trophees to the enemies of Truth: A man may be in as juſt poſſeſſion of Truth as of a City, and yet be

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forced to ſurrender; tis therefore farre better to enjoy with peace, than to hazzard her on a battell: If therefore there riſe any doubts in my way, I doe forget them, or at leaſt defer them, till my better ſetled judgement, and more manly reaſon be able to reſolve them; for I perceive every mans owne reaſon is his beſt *Oedipus*, and will upon a reaſonable truce, find a way to looſe thoſe bonds where-with ſubtilties of errour have enchained our more flexible and tender judgements. In Philoſophy where truth ſeemes double forced, there is no man more paradoxicall than my ſelfe; but in Divinity I keep the road, and though not in an implicite, yet in an humble faith, follow the great wheele of the Church, by which I move; not reſerving any proper poles of motion from the epicycle of my owne braine; by this meanes I leave no gap for Hereſies, Schiſmes, or Errors, of which at preſent, I ſhall injure Truth to ſay I have no taint or tincture; I muſt confeſſe my greener ſtudies have beene polluted with two or three, not any begotten in the latter Centuries,

turies, but old and obſolete, ſuch as could never have been revived, but by ſuch extravagant and irregular heads as mine; for indeed Hereſies periſh not with their Authors, but like the River *Arethuſa*, though they loſe their currents in one place, they riſe up againe in another: one generall Councell is not able to extirpate one ſingle Hereſie, it may be canceld for the preſent, but revolution of time and the like aſpects from heaven, will reſtore it, when it will flouriſh till it be condemned againe; for as though there were a *Metempſuchoſis*, and the ſoule of one man paſſed into another, opinions do find after-revolutions, men and mindes like thoſe that firſt begat them. To ſee our ſelves we need not looke for *Plato's* yeare, every man is not onely himſelfe; there have been many *Diogenes*, and as many *Timons*, though but few of that name; men are lived over againe, the world is now as it was in the age paſt, there was none then, but there have beene ſome ſince that paralels him, and is as it were his revived ſelfe. Now the firſt of mine was that of the *Arabians*, that the ſoules of men

periſhed

perished with their bodies, but yet should be raised againe at the last day; not that I did absolutely conceive a mortality of the soule; but if that were, which faith, nor Philosophy can throughly disprove, and that both entred the grave together, yet I hold the same conceit thereof that we all doe of the body, that it shall rise againe; surely it is but the merits of our unworthy natures, if we sleepe in darkenesse untill the last alarme. A serious reflex upon my own unworthines did make me backward from challenging this prerogative unto my soule: so I might enjoy my Saviour at the last, I would with patience be nothing almost unto eternity. The second was that of the *Chiliast*, that God would not persist in his vengeance for ever, but after a definite time of his wrath he would release the damned soules from torture; which error I fell into upon a serious contemplation of the great attribute of Gods mercy, and did a little cherish it in my self, because I found therein no malice, and a ready weight to sway me from the other extreame ofdespaire, whereunto melancholy and contemplative

lative natures are too easily disposed. A third there is which I did never positively maintaine or practice, but have often wished it had beene consonant to Truth, and not offensive to my Religion, and that is the prayer for the dead, whereunto I was enclined by an excesse of charity; whereby I thought the number of the living too small an object of devotion; I could scarce containe my prayers for a Friend at the ringing of a Bell, or behold his corps without an oration for his Soule: It was a good way me thought to be remembred by Posterity, and far more noble than a History. These opinions I never maintained with pertinacy, or endeavoured to inveagle any mans beliefe to mine, nor so much as ever revealed or disputed them with my dearest friends: by which meanes I neither propagated them in others, nor confirmed them in my selfe, but suffering them to flame upon their owne substances, without addition of new fuell, they went out insensibly of themselves; therefore those opinions, though condemned by lawfull Councels, were not Heresies in me, but bare Errors, and

and ſingle Lapſes of my underſtanding, without a joynt depravity of my will: thoſe have not only depraved underſtandings, but diſeaſed affections, which cannot enjoy a ſingularity without a Hereſie, or be the author of an opinion, without they be of a Sect alſo; this was the villany of the firſt Schiſme of *Lucifer*, who was not content to erre alone, but drew into his faction many Legions of Spirits; and upon this experience he tempted only *Eve*, as well underſtanding the communicable nature of ſin, and that to deceive but one, were tacitely & upon conſequence to delude them both. As for the wingy myſteries in Divinity, & aiery ſubtilties in Religion, which have unhinged the braines of better heads, they never ſtretched the *Pia Mater* of mine; me thinks there be not impoſſibilities enough in Religion for an active faith; the deepeſt myſteries ours containes, have not onely beene illuſtrated, but maintained by ſyllogiſme, and the rule of reaſon: I love to loſe my ſelfe in a myſtery to purſue my reaſon to my *oh altitudo*. It is my ſolitary recreation to poſe my apprehenſion with thoſe involved

volved ænigma's and riddles of the Trinity, incarnation and reſurrection. I can anwer all the objections of Satan, & my rebellious reaſon, with that odde reſolution I earned of *Tertullian*, *Certum eſt quia impoſſibile eſt.* I deſire to exerciſe my faith in the difficulteſt point, for to credit ordinary and viſible objects is not faith, but perſwaſion. Some beleeve the better for ſeeing Chriſt his Sepulchre, and when they have ſeene the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now contrarily I bleſſe my ſelfe, and am thankfull that I lived not in the dayes of miracles, that I never ſaw Chriſt nor his Diſciples; I would not have beene one of thoſe Iſraelites that paſſed the Red Sea, nor one of Chriſts Patients, on whom hee wrought his wonders; then had my faith beene thruſt upon me, nor ſhould I enjoy that greater bleſſing pronounced to all that believe and ſaw not. Tis an eaſie and neceſſary beliefe to credit what our eye and ſenſe hath examined: I believe he was dead, and buried, and roſe againe, and deſire to ſee him in his glory, rather then to contemplate him in his Cœnotaphe, or Sepul-

Sepulchre. Nor is this much to beleeve as we have reaſon, we owe this faith unto Hiſtory: they onely had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his comming, who upon obſcure prophe-ſies and myſticall Types could raiſe a be-liefe, and expect apparent impoſſibilities. Tis true, there is an edge in al firme belief, and with an eaſie Metaphor we may ſay the ſword of faith; but in thoſe obſcuri-ties I rather uſe it, in the adjunct the Apo-ſtle gives it, a Buckler, under which I per-ceive the wary combitant may lie invulne-rable. Since I was of underſtanding to know we knew nothing, my reaſon hath beene more pliable to the will of faith; I am now content to underſtand a myſtery without a rigid definition in an eaſie and Platonick deſcription. That allegoricall deſcription of *Hermes* pleaſeth me beyond all the metaphyſicall definitions of Di-vines, where I cannot ſatisfie my reaſon, I leave to hammer my fancy; I had as leive you tell me that *anima eſt angelus hominis, eſt Corpus Dei* as *Entelechia, Lux eſt umbra Dei*, as *actus perſpicui*: where there

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is an obſcurity too deepe for our reaſon, tis good to ſet downe with a deſcription a periphraſis, or adumbration; for by acquainting our reaſon how unable it is to diſplay the viſible and obvious effect of nature, it becomes more humble and ſubmiſſive to the ſubtilties of faith: and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reaſon to ſtoope unto the lure of faith. I believe there was already a tree whoſe fruit our unhappy parents taſted, though in the ſame Chapter, when God forbids it, tis poſitively ſaid, the plants of the field were not yet growne; for God had not cauſed it to raine upon the earth. I beleeve that the Serpent (if we ſhall literally underſtand it from his proper forme and figure) made his motion on his belly before the curſe: I find the triall of the Putillage and Virginity of women, which God ordained the Jewes, is very fallible; experience, and Hiſtory informes mee, that not onely many particular women, but likewiſe whole Nations have eſcaped the curſe of childebirth, which God ſeemes to pronounce upon the whole Sex; yet doe I be-

leeve that all this is true; indeed my reason would perswade mee it is false; and this I think is no vulgar part of faith to believe a thing not only above, but contrary to reason, and against the arguments of our proper senses.

In my solitary and retired Imagination, *Neque enim cum porticus aut meletulus accipit, desum mihi*; I remember I am not alone and therefore forget not to contemplate him and his attributes who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, his wisedome and eternity; with the one I recreate, with the other I confound my understanding: who can speake of eternity without a solœcisme, or thinke thereof without an ecstasie? Time we may comprehend, it is but five dayes elder then our selves, and hath the same Horoscope; but to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning, to give such an infinite start forward, as to conceive an end in an essence that we affirme hath neither the one nor the other; it is reason to Saint *Pauls* Sanctuary; my Philosophy dares not say the Apostles can doe it; God hath not made a crea-

a creature that can comprehend him; it is he priviledge of his owne nature; *I am that I am*, was his owne definition unto *Moses*; and it was a short one, to confound mortality, that durst question God, or aske him what he was; indeed he onely is what others have and shall be; but in eternity no distinction of tenses; and therefore that terrible terme *Predestination*, which hath troubled so many weake heads to conceive, & the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no prescious determination of our estates to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to this eternity which is indivisible, the last Trumpe is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame, and the blessed in *Abrahams* bosome.

Saint *Peter* speakes modestly, when he saith, a thousand yeares to God are but as one day; for to speake like a Philosopher, those continued instances of time which flow into a thousand yeeres, make not to him one moment; what to us is to come, to his Eternity is present, his whole duration being but one permanent point with-

out ſucceſſions, parts, flux, or diviſion; there is no Attribute that addes more difficulty to the myſteryof the Trinity, where though in a relative way of Father & Son, we muſt deny a priority. I wonder how *Ariſtotle* could conceive the world eternall, or how he could make good two Eternities; his ſimilitude of a Triangle, comprehended in a ſquare, doth ſomewhat illuſtrate the Trinity of our ſoules, and that the Triple Unity of God; for there is in us not three, but a Trinity of ſoules, becauſe there is in us, if not three diſtinct ſoules, yet differing faculties, that can, and do ſubſiſt in different ſubjects; and yet in us are ſo united as to make but one ſoule and ſubſtance; if one ſoule were perfectly three diſtinct bodies, that were a pretty Trinity. I conceive the diſtinct number of three, not divided nor ſeparated by the intellect, but actually comprehended in its Vnity, and that is a perfect Trinity. I have often admired the myſtical way of *Pythagoras*, and the ſecret Magicke of numbers; Beware of Philoſophy, is a precept not to be received in a narrow ſenſe; for in this maſſe of na-

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ure there is a ſet of things, that carry in their front, though not in Capitall letters, yet in ſtenography, and ſhort Characters, ſomthing to Divinity, which to wiſer reaſons ſerve as Luminaries in the abyſſe of knowledge, and to judicious beliefe, as ſcales and roundles to mount the pinnacles and higheſt pieces of Divinity. The ſevere Schooles ſhall never laugh me out of the Philoſophy of *Hermes*, that this viſible world is but a picture of the inviſible, wherein as a pourtract, things are not truely, but in equivocall ſhapes; and as they counterfeit ſome more reall ſubſtance in that inviſible fabrick. That other attribute wherewith I recreate my devotion, is his wiſedome, in which I am happy; and for the contemplation of this onely, do not repent me that I was bred in the way of ſtudy: The advantage I have of the vulgar, with the content and happineſſe I conceive therein, is an ample recompence for al my endeavours, in what part of knowledge ſoever: I know he is wiſe in all, wonderfull in what we conceive, but farre more in what we comprehend not, for we behold

him but a squint upon reflex or shadow; our understanding is diviner than *Moses* his eye, we are ignorant of the backparts, or lower side of his Divinity; therefore to pry into the maze of his Counsels, is not only folly in Man, but presumption in Angels, like as they are his servants, not servators; he holds no Councell, but that mysticall one of the Trinity, wherein though there be three persons, there is but one minde that decrees, without contradiction, nor needs he any; his actions are not begot with deliberation, his wisdome naturally flowes, what best, his intellect stands ready fraught with the superlative & purest Idea's of goodnesse: consultations & election, which are two motions in us, are but one in him, his actions springing from his power, at the first touch of his will.

These are Contemplations Metaphysicall, my humble speculations have another Method, and are content to trace and discover those expressions he hath left in his creatures, & the obvious effects of nature, there is no danger to propound those mysteries, no *Sanctum Sanctorum* in Philoso-

phy: The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studyed and contemplated by man: it is the debt of our reason we owe to God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this the world is as though it had not been, or as it was before at the first, when there was not a creature that could conceive, or say there was a world. The wisdome of God receives no honor from the vulgar heads, that rudely stare about, and with a grosse rusticity, admire his workes; those onely magnifie him whose judicious enquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, returne the duty of a learned and devout admiration. There is but one first, & foure second causes of all things; some are without efficient, as God, others without matter, as Angels, some without forme, as the first matter, but every Essence, created or uncreated, hath its finall cause, and some positive end both of its essence and operation: This is the cause I grope after in the workes of nature, on this hangs the providence of God; to raise so beautious a structure, as the world and the creatures there-

of, was but his Art, and their ſundry divided operations with their predeſtinated ends, are from the treaſury of his wiſdom. In the cauſes, nature, and affection of the Eclipſe of the Sun and Moon, there is moſt excellent ſpeculation; but to propound farther, and to contemplate a reaſon why his providence hath ſo diſpoſed and ordered their motions in that vaſt circle, as to conjoyn and obſcure each other, is a ſweet piece of reaſon, and a diviner point of Philoſophy; therefore there appeares to me as much divinity in *Galen* his Booke *De uſu partium*, as in *Suarez* Metaphyſicks: had *Ariſtotle* been as curious in the enquiry of this cauſe as he was of the other, he had not left behind him an imperfect piece of Philoſophy, but an abſolute tract of Divinity.

Natura nihil agit fruſtra, is the onely and indiſputable axiome in Philoſophy, there is no *Groteſco* in nature, nor any thing framed to fill up empty cantons, and unneceſſary ſpaces in the moſt imperfect creatures, ſuch as were not preſerved in the Arke, but having their ſeeds and princi-

ples

bles in the wombe of nature, are every where, where the power of the Sun is; in thoſe is the wiſdome of his hand diſcovered: Out of this ranke *Solomon* choſe the object of his admiration; indeed what wiſdome may not goe to ſchoole to the wiſdome of Bees, Aunts, and Spiders? what wiſe hand teacheth them to doe what reaſon cannot teach us? while ruder heads ſtand amazed at thoſe prodigious pieces of nature, as Elephants, Dromedaries, and Camels; theſe I confeſſe, are the Coloſſus and Majeſticke pieces of her hand; but in theſe narrow Engines there is more curious Mathematickes; and the civility of theſe little Citizens, more neatly ſets forth the wiſdome of their Maker; Who admires not *Regio-Montanus* his Fly beyond his Eagle, or wonders not more at the operation of two ſoules in thoſe little bodies, than but one in the truncke of a Cedar? I could never content my contemplation with thoſe generall pieces of wonders, the flux and reflux of the Sea, the encreaſe of Nile, the converſion of the Needle to the North and have ſtudyed to match and parallel

thoſe in the more obvious and neglected pieces of Nature, which without further travell I can doe in the Coſmography of my ſelfe; we carry with us the wonders we ſeeke without us: There is all *Africa*, and all her prodigies within us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that ſtudies wiſely, learnes in a *compendium*, what others labour at in a divided piece and endleſſe volume. Thus there are two bookes from whence I collect my Divinity; beſides that written one of God, another of his ſervant Nature, that univerſall and publique Manuſcript that lies expoſed to the eyes of all; thoſe that never ſaw him in the one, have diſcovered him in the other: This was the Scripture and Theology of the Heathens; the naturall motion of the Sunne made them more admire him, than his ſupernaturall ſtation did the Children of Iſrael; the ordinary effect of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles: ſurely the Heathens knew better how to joyne and reade theſe myſticall letters, than we Chriſtians, who caſt a

more

more common eye on thoſe Hieroglyphicks, and diſdaine to ſuck Divinity from the flowers of nature; nor doe I forget God, as to adore the name of Nature, which I define not with the Schooles, the principles of motion and reſt, but that ſtreight and regular line, that ſetled and conſtant courſe the wiſdome of God hath ordained to guide the actions of his creatures, according to their ſeverall kinds: to make a revolution every day is the nature of the Sun, becauſe that neceſſary courſe which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot ſwarve, by the faculty of the voyce which firſt did give it motion. Now this courſe of Nature God ſeldome alters or perverts, but like an excellent Artiſt hath ſo contrived his worke, that with the ſelfe ſame inſtrument, without a new creation, he may effect his obſcureſt deſignes. Thus he ſweeteneth the water with a wood preſerveth the creatures in the Ark, which the blaſt of his mouth might have as eaſily created: for God is like a skilfull Geometrician, who when more eaſily, and with one ſtroke of his compaſſe, he might

deſcribe

deſcribe, or divide a right line, had yet rather doe this in a circle or longer way, according to the conſtituted and aforeſaid principles of his Art: yet this rule of his he doth ſometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his Prerogative, leſt the arrogancy of our reaſon ſhould queſtion his power, and conclude he could not; and thus I call the effects of Nature the works of God, whoſe hand and inſtrument ſhe onely is; and therefore to aſcribe his actions alſo unto her, is to devolve the honor of God, the principall agent, upon the inſtrument; which if with reaſon we may doe, then let our Hammers riſe up, and boaſt they have built our houſes, and our pens receive the honour of our Writings. I hold there is a generall beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or ſpecies of creatures whatſoever: I cannot tell by what Logick we call a Toad, a Beare, or an Elephant, ugly, they being created in thoſe outward ſhapes and figures which beſt expreſſe the actions of their internall formes; and having paſt that generall viſitation of God, who ſaw

that

hat all that he had made was good; that s, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty; there is no deformity but in monſtruoſity, wherein notwithſtanding there is a kind of beauty, Nature ſo ingenuouſly contriving the irregular parts, as they become ſometimes more remarkable than the principle fabrick. To ſpeak yet more narrowly, there was never yet any thing ugly, or miſhapen, but the Chaos, wherein notwithſtanding to ſpeak ſtrictly, there was no deformity; becauſe no forme by the voyce of God: Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the ſervants of his providence: Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the ſixt day, there were yet a Chaos: Nature hath made one world, & Art another. In briefe, all things are artificiall, for nature is the Art of God: This is the ordinary and open way of his providence, which art and induſtry have in a good part diſcovered, whoſe effects we may foretell without an Oracle; To foreſhew theſe is no propheſie, but Prognoſtica-

ſtication. There is another way full of Meanders and Labyrinths, whereof the Devill and Spirits have no exact Ephemerides, & that is a more particular & obſcure method of his providence, directing the operations of individuals and ſingle Eſſences; this wee call Fortune, that ſerpentine and crooked line, whereby he drawes thoſe actions that his wiſedome intends in a more unknown & ſecret way; this cryptick and involved method of his providence have I ever admired, nor can I relate the hiſtory of my life, the occurrences of my dayes, the eſcapes of dangers, and hils of chance with a *Beza los Manos*, to Fortune, or a bare Gramercy to my ſtarres: *Abraham* might have thought the Ram in the thicket came thither by accident; humane reaſon would have ſaid that meere chance conveyed *Moſes* into the Arke to the ſight of *Pharaohs* daughter; what a Labyrinth is there in the ſtory of *Joſeph*, able to convert a Stoick? ſurely there are in every mans life ſome rubs and wrinkles, which paſſe a while under the effects of chance, but at the laſt, well examined, prove the meere

hand

and of God: It was not a meere chance
o diſcover the or
owder Treaſon by a miſcarriage of the
tter. I like the victory of 88 the better
or that one occurrence which our ene-
ies imputed to our diſhonour, and the
artiality of Fortune, to wit, the tempeſts
nd contrarieties of winds. King *Philip* did
ot detract from the Nation, though he
aid, he ſent his Armado to fight with men
not to combate with the winde. Where
here is a manifeſt diſproportion between
he powers and forces of two ſeverall a-
ents, upon a Maxime of reaſon we may
romiſe the victory to the ſuperiour; but
when unexpected accidents ſlip in, and un-
hought of occurrences intervene, theſe
uſt proceed from a power that owes no
bedience to thoſe axioms: where, as in the
writing upon the wall, we behold the hand
ut ſee not the ſpring that moves it. The
iceſſe of that pety Province of Holland,
of which the Graud Seignieur proudly
aid, That if they ſhould trouble him as
hey did the Spaniard, he would ſend his
nen with ſhovels and pickaxes and throw

it

it into the Sea) I cannot altogether aſcribe to the ingenuity and induſtry of the peopl but to the mercy of God, that hath diſpo ſed them to ſuch a thriving *Genius*; and t the will of his providence, that diſpoſet her favour to each countrey in their pre ordinate ſeaſon. All cannot be happy a once; becauſe the glory of one State de pends upon the ruine of another: ther is a revolution and viciſſitude of thei greatneſſe, and muſt obey the ſwing o that wheele, not moved by their intelli gences, but by the hand of God, whereb all Eſtates riſe to their Zenith and vertical points, according to their predeſtinate periods. For the lives not onely of men but of Commonweales, and the whol world, run not upon an Helix that ſtill en latgeth, but on a Circle, where arriving to their Meridian, they decline in obſcuri ty, and fall under the Horizon again. Theſe muſt not therefore be named the effects o nature, but in a relative way, as we terme the workes of nature. It was the ignorance of mans reaſon that begat this very name, and by a careleſſe terme miſcalled the pro-

vidence

vidence of God: for there is no liberty for causes to operate in a loose and straggling way, nor any effect whatsoever, but hath its warrant from some universall or superiour cause. It is not ridiculous devotion, to say a Prayer before a game at Tables; for even in the sortilegies and matters of the greatest uncertainty, there is a setled and preordered course of effects; 'tis we that are blind, and not fortune: because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind and hoodwinkt; that is the providence of Almighty God. I cannot justifie the contemptible Proverbe, *That fools onely are fortunate*; or that insolent Paradox, *That a wise man is out of the reach of fortune*; much lesse those opprobrious Epithets of Poets, *Whore*, *Baud*, and *Strumpet*: It is I confesse the common fate of men, and singular gift of mind, to be destitute of fortune; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgements, who throughly understand the justice of this proceeding; and being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careleſſe eye on the vulgar parts of felici-

ty. It is a most unjust ambition, to desire to engrosse the mercies of the Almighty, nor to be content with the goods of the mind without a possession of those of body or fortune: and it is an errour worse than heresie, to adore the complementall and circumstantiall piece of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essentiall points of happinesse, wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires it is satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy the favours of fortune; let providence provide for fooles: It is not partiality, but equity in God, who deales with us but as our naturall parents: those that are able of body and minde, he leaves to their deserts; to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion, and pieces out the defect of the one with the excesse of the other. Thus have we no just quarrell with nature, for leaving us naked, or to envy the hornes, hoofes, skins, and furres of other creatures, being provided with reason, that can supply them all. We need not labour with so many arguments to confute judiciall Astrology; for if there be a truth therein,

in, it doth not injure Divinity; if to be borne under *Mercury* disposeth us to be witty, under *Jupiter* to be wealthy, I doe not owe a knee unto these, but unto that mercifull hand that hath ordered my indifferent and uncertaine nativity unto such benevolous aspects. Those that hold that all things were governed by fortune had not erred, had they not persisted there: The *Romans* that erected a Temple to Fortune, acknowledged God therein, though in a blind way, somewhat of Divinity; for in a wise mans supputation all things begin and end in the Almighty. There is a neerer way to heaven then *Homers* chaine, and a Logick may conjoyn heaven and earth in one argument, and with lesse then a Sorites resolve all things into God. For though we christen effects by their most sensible and neerest causes, yet it is God the true and infallible cause of all, whose concourse though it be generall, yet doth subdivide it selfe into the particular actions of every thing, and is that spirit, by which each singular essence not only subsists, but performes its operation. The bad

conſtruction and perverſe comment on thoſe paire of ſecond cauſes, or viſible hands of God, have perverted the devotion of many unto Atheiſme; who forgetting the honeſt adviſes of faith, have liſtened unto the conſpiracy of Paſſion and Reaſon. I have therefore alwayes endevoured to compoſe thoſe fewds and angry diſſentions betweene affection, faith, and reaſon: For there is in our ſoule a kind of Triumvirate, or triple government of three competitors, which diſtract the peace of this our Common-wealth, not leſſe than did that other the State of Rome.

As Reaſon is a rebel unto Faith, ſo Paſſion unto Reaſon: As the proportions of Faith ſeem abſurd to Reaſon, ſo the Theorems of Reaſon unto Paſſion, and both unto Reaſon; yet a moderate and peaceable diſcretion may ſo ſtate and order the matter, that they may be all Kings, and yet make but one Monarchy, every one exerciſing his Soveraignty and Prerogative in a due time and place, according to the reſtraint and limit of circumſtance. There is, as in Philoſophy ſo in Divinity, ſturdy

doubts,

doubts, and boysterous objections, wherewith the unhappinesse of our knowledge too nearely acquainteth us. More of these no man hath knowne than my selfe, which I confesse I conquered, not in a martiall posture, but on my knees: Neither had these ever such advantage of me, as to encline me to any desperate points or positions of Atheisme; for I have beene these many yeares of opinion there was never any. Those that held Religion was the difference of man from beasts, have spoken probably, and proceed upon a proposition as inductive as the other: That doctrine of *Epicurus*, that denyed the providence of God, was no Atheisme, but a magnificent and high-strained conceit of his Majesty, which he deemed too sublime to mind the triviall actions of those inferior creatures: That fatall necessity of Stoicks, is nothing but the immutable Law of his will. Those that heretofore denyed the Divinity of the Holy Ghost, have beene condemned but as Hereticks, those that now deny our Saviour (though more than Hereticks) are not so much as Atheists: for though they

deny two persons in the Trinity, they hold as we do, that there is but one God.

That villaine and secretary of hell, that composed that miscreant piece of the three Impostors, though divided from all Religions, and was neither Jew, Turke, nor Christian, was not a positive Atheist. I confesse every Country hath its *Machiavell*, every age its *Lucian*, whereof common heads must not heare, nor more advanced judgements too rashly censure on: it is the Rhetorick of Satan, and may pervert a loose prejudicate belief.

I confesse I have perused them all, and can discover nothing that may startle a discreet belief; yet are there heads carryed off with the wind and breath of such motives. I remember a Doctor of Physicke in *Italy*, who could not perfectly beleeve the immortality of the soule, because *Galen* seemed to make a doubt thereof. I was familiarly acquainted in *France* with a Divine, a man of singular parts, that on the same point was so plunged and gravelled with three lines of *Seneca*, that all our antidotes, drawne from both Scripture and

Philo-

Philosophy, could not expell the poyson of his errour. There are a set of heads, that can credit the relations of Mariners, yet question the testimonies of Saint *Paul*; and peremptorily beleeve the traditions of *Ælian* or *Pliny*, yet in the Histories of Scripture, raise Queries and objections, beleeving no more than they can parallel in humane Authors.

I confesse there are in Scripture stories that doe exceed the fable of Poets, and to a captious Reader sound like *Garagantua* or *Bevis*: For search all the Legends of times past, & the fabulous conceits of the present, and it will be hard to find one that deserves to cary the buckler unto *Sampson*, yet is all this of an easie possibility, if we conceive a divine concourse or influence but from the little finger of the Almighty. It is impossible that either in the discourse of man, or in the infallible voice of God, to the weakneſſe of our apprehensions, there should not appeare irregularities, contradictions, and antinomies: my selfe can shew a catalogue of doubts, never yet imagined nor questioned, as I know,

which are not resolved at the first hearing, not fantastick Quere's, or objections of the ayre: For I cannot heare of Atoms in Divinity. I reade the history of the Pigeon that was sent out of the Ark, and returned no more, yet not question how she found out her mate that was left behinde: That *Lazarus* was raised from the dead, yet not demand where in the interim his soule awaited; or raise a Law-case, whether his Heire might lawfully detaine his inheritance, bequeathed unto him by his death; & hee, though restored to life, have no Plea for his former possessions. Whether *Eve* was framed out of the left side of *Adam*, I dispute not; because I stand not yet assured which is the right side of a man, or whether there be such distinction in Nature. Whether *Adam* was an Hermaphrodite, as the Rabbines comment upon the letter of the Text; because it is contrary to all reason, that there should be an Hermaphrodite before there was a woman, or a composition of two natures, before there was a second composed. Likewise, whether the world was created

in

n Autumne, Summer, or the Spring; be-
auſe it was created in them all; for what-
oever Signe the Sunne poſſeſſeth, thoſe
oure ſeaſons are actually exiſtent: It is the
arure of this Luminary to diſtinguiſh the
everall ſeaſons of the yeare, all which it
makes at one time in the whole earth, and
ucceſſively in any part thereof. There are
a bundle of curioſities, not onely in Phi-
oſophy but in Divinity, propoſed and diſ-
uſſed by men of moſt ſuppoſed abilities,
which are not worthy of our vacant hours
much leſſe our ſerious ſtudies; Pieces only
fit to be placed in *Pantagruele* Studies, or
bound up with *Tartaretus de modo cœcandi*;
theſe are niceties that become not thoſe
that peruſe ſo ſerious a Myſtery. There
are others more generally queſtioned and
called to the Barre, yet me thinks of an ea-
ſie, poſſible truth. It is ridiculous to put
off, or drowne the generall Floud of *Noah*
in that great particular inundation of *Deu-
calion*: that there was a Deluge once, ſeems
not to me ſo great a miracle, as that there
is not one alwayes. How all the kinds of
Creatures, not onely in their owne bulks,

but

but with a competency of food and ſuſte-
nance, might be preſerved in one Ark, and
with the extent of three hundred cubits, to
a reaſon that rightly examines it, will ap-
peare very difficult. There is another ſe-
cret, not contained in the Scripture, which
is more hard to comprehend, and puts the
honeſt Father to the refuge of a Miracle
and that is, not onely how the diſtinct pie-
ces of the world, & divided Ilands ſhould
be firſt planted by men, but inhabited by
Tygers, Panthers and Beares. How *Ame-
rica* abounded with beaſts of prey, & nox-
ious Animals, yet contained not in it tha
neceſſary creature, a Horſe. By what paſ-
ſage thoſe, not onely Birds, but dangerou
and unwelcome Beaſts came over: How
thereby creatures are there, which are no
found in the triple Continent; all which
muſt needs be ſtrange unto us, that hold
but one Ark, and that the creatures bega
progreſſe from the mountaines of *Ararat*
They who to ſalve this would make th
Deluge particular, proceed upon a princi-
ple that I can no way grant, not onely up
on the negative of holy Scriptures, but o
min

nine owne Reason, whereby I can make
probable, that the world was as wel peo-
pled in the time of *Noah* as in ours, and
fifteene hundred yeers to people the world
s full a time for them, as foure thousand
eers since hath beene to us.

There are other assertions and common
enents drawn from Scripture, and gene-
ally beleeved as Scripture, whereunto, not-
withstanding, I would never betray the li-
berty of my reason. It is a Paradox to me,
hat *Methuselah* was the longest liv'd of all
he children of *Adam*, and no man will be
ble to prove it; when from the processe
f the Text I can manifest that it is other-
wise. That *Judas* hanged himselfe, there
s no certainty in Scripture, though in one
lace it seemes to affirme it, & by a doubt-
ull word hath given occasion to translate
; yet in another place, in a more punctu-
ll description, it makes it improbable, and
emes to overthrow it. That our Fathers,
fter the Floud, erected the Tower of *Ba-*
el, to preserve themselves against a second
Delnge, is generally opinioned and belee-
ed; yet is there another intention of theirs
expres-

expreſſed in Scripture: Beſides that, it i
improbable, from the circumſtance of th
place, the plaine in the land of *Shinar*
Theſe are no points of Faith, and therfor
may admit a free diſpute. There are yet o
thers, and thoſe familiarly concluded fro
the Text, wherein (under favour) I ſee n
conſequence; as, to prove the Trinity fro
the ſpeech of God, in the plurall number
Faciamus hominem, Let us make man, whic
is but the common ſtile of Princes, & me
of Eminency; hee that ſhall reade one o
his Majeſties Proclamations, may wit
the ſame Logicke conclude; there be tw
Kings in *England*.

The Church of *Rome* confidently prove
the opinion of Tutelary Angels, from tha
anſwer whan *Peter* knockt at the doore, *
is not hee but his Angel; that is to ſay, hi
Meſſenger, or ſome body from him; fo
ſo the Originall ſignifies, and is as likel
to be the doubtfull Families meaning
This ſuppoſition I once ſuggeſted to
young Divine, that anſwered upon thi
point, to which I remember the *Franciſca*
Opponent replyed no more, but, That i

wa

as a new and no authenticke interpretation.

These are but the conclusions & fallible discourses of man upon the word of God, or such I do beleeve the holy Scriptures; yet were it of man, I could not chuse but say it was the singularest, and superlative Piece that hath been extant since the Creation; were I a Pagan, I should not refraine the lecture of it; and cannot but commend the judgement of *Ptolomy*, that thought the Alcoran of the Turks (I speak without prejudice) is an ill composed Piece, containing in it vaine and ridiculous errours in Philosophy, impossibilities, fictions, and vanities beyond laughter, maintained by evident and open Sophismes, the policy of Ignorance, deposition of Universities, and banishment of Learning, that hath gotten foot by armes and violence; This without a blow doth disseminate it selfe through the whole earth. Tis not unremarkable what *Philo* first observed, That the Law of *Moses* continued two thousand yeares without the least alteration; whereas, we see, the Laws of other Common-

weales

weales do alter with occasions; and even those that pretended their originall from some Divinity, to have vanished without trace or memory. I beleeve, besides *Zoroaster*, there were divers that writ before *Moses*, who notwithstanding have suffered the common fate of time. Mens Works have an age like themselves, and though they out-live their Authors, yet have a stint and period to their duration: This onely is a Work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the generall flames, when all things shall confesse their ashes.

I have heard some with deepe sighs lament the lost lines of *Cicero*; others with as many groanes deplore the combustions of the Library of *Alexandria*; for my part I thinke there be too many in the world, and could with patience behold the urne and ashes of the *Vatican*, could I, with a few others, recover the perished leaves of *Solomon*. I would not omit a Copy of *Enochs* Pillars, had they any better Author than *Josephus*, or did not relish too much of the Fable. Some men have written

more

ore than others have ſpoken; *Pineda* notes more Authours in one worke, than e neceſſary in a whole world. Of thoſe ree great Inventions in *Germany*, there e two which are not without their in-mmodities, and it is diſputable, whether ey exceed not their uſe and commodi-es. It is not a melancholy *Utinam* of inc own, but the deſires of better heads, hat there were a generall Synod; not to nite the incompatible difference of Reli-ion, but, for the benefit of learning, to re-uce it as it lay at firſt in a few and ſolid Authours; and to condemne to the fire hoſe ſwarmes and millions of *Rapſodies*, egotten onely to diſtract and abuſe the weaker judgements of Scholars, and to maintaine the Trade and Myſtery of Ty-pographers. I cannot but wonder with what exceptions the *Samaritanes* could confine their beliefe to the *Pentateuch*, or five bookes of *Moſes*. I am aſhamed at the Rabbinicall Interpretation of the Jewes, pon the Old Teſtament, as much as their defection from the New: and truely it is beyond wonder, how that contemptible

and

and degenerate iſſue of *Jacob*, that are
devoted to Ethnicke Superſtition, and
eaſily ſeduced to the Idolatry of the
Neighbours, ſhould now in ſuch an obſt
nate and peremptory beliefe, adhere unt
their owne Doctrine, expect impoſſibili
ties, and in the face and eye of the Churc
perſiſt without the leaſt hope of converſi
on: This is a vice in them, that were a ver
tue in us; for obſtinacy in a bad cauſe, i
but conſtancy in a good. And herein
muſt accuſe thoſe of our Religion, for ther
is not any of ſuch a fugitive faith, ſuch a
unſtable beliefe, as a Chriſtian; none tha
doe ſo oft transforme themſelves, not un
to ſeverall ſhapes of Chriſtianity and o
the ſame Species, but unto more unnatu
rall and contrary formes, of Jew and Ma
hometan, that from the name of Saviou
can condeſcend to the bare terme of Pro
phet; and from an old beliefe that he is
come, to fall to a new expectation of his
comming: It is the promiſe of Chriſt to
make us all one flocke; but how and when
the union ſhall be, is as obſcure to me as
the laſt day. Of theſe foure members of

Religion

Religion we hold a proportion, there are I confeſſe ſome new additions, yet ſmal, o thoſe which accrue to our Adverſaries, nd thoſe only drawne from the revolt of Pagans, men but of negative impieties, & uch as deny Chriſt, but becauſe they ne- er heard of him: But the Religion of the ew is expreſly againſt the Chriſtian, and he Mahometan againſt both; for the Turk, n the bulke he now ſtands, he is beyond ll hope of converſion; if he fall aſunder here may be conceived ſome hopes, but ot without ſtrong improbabilities. The ew is obſtinate in all fortunes; the perſe- ution of fifteene hundred yeares hath but onfirmed them in their error: they have lready endured whatſoever may be in- icted, and have ſuffered in a bad cauſe, ven to the condemnation of their ene- nies. Perſecution is a bad and indirect way o plant Religion; It hath beene the un- appy method of angry devotions, not on- y to confirme honeſt Religion, but wick- d Hereſies, and extravagant Opinions. It was the firſt ſtone and Baſis of our Faith, one can more juſtly boaſt of perſecutions

and glory in the number and valour of Martyrs; for, to speake properly, those are true and only examples of fortitude: Those that fetch it from the Field, or draw it from the actions of the Campe, are not so truely presidents of valour and audacity; and at the best attaine but to some bastard piece of fortitude. If we shall strictly examine the circumstances and requisites which *Aristotle* requires to true and perfect valour, we shall find the name onely in his Master *Alexander*, and as little in the *Roman* Worthy, *Julius Cæsar*; and if any, in that easie and active way, have done so nobly as to deserve that name, yet in the passive and more terrible piece those have surpassed, and in a more heroical way may claime the honour of that Title. It is not in the power of every honest faith to proceed thus far, or passe to Heaven through the flames; every one hath it not in the full measure, nor in so audacious and resolute a temper, as to endure those terrible tests & tryals, who notwithstanding in a peaceable way do truly adore their Saviour, and have (no doubt) a Faith acceptable in the

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eyes of God: Now as all that dye in war re not termed Souldiers, ſo neither can I properly terme all thoſe that ſuffer in matters of Religion Martyrs. The Councell of *Conſtance* condemnes *John Huſſe* for an Heretique, the Stories of his owne party ile him a Martyr; it is falſe Divinity if I ay he was neither one nor other: there are many (queſtionleſſe) canonized on earth, hat ſhall never be Saints in Heaven; and ave their names in Hiſtories and Martyologies, who in the eyes of God are not o perfect Martyrs as was that wiſe Heathen, *Socrates*, that ſuffered on a fundamentall point of Religion, the Unity of God. have pityed the miſerable Biſhop that uffered in the cauſe of *Antipodes*, yet cannot chuſe but accuſe him of as much madneſſe, for expoſing his life on ſuch a trifle, s thoſe of ignorance and folly that condemned him. I thinke my conſcience will ot give me the lie, if I ſay, there is not a an extant that in a noble way feares the ace of death leſſe than my ſelfe, yet from he morall duty I owe to the Commandement of God, and the naturall reſpects

that I tender unto the conſervation of my eſſence and being, I would not periſh upon a Ceremony, Politicke points, or indifferency: nor is my beliefe of that untractable temper, as not to bow at their obſtacles, or connive at matters that are not manifeſt impieties: The leaven therefore and ferment of all, not onely civill, but Religious actions, is wiſedome; without which, to commit our ſelves to the flames is Homicide, and (I feare) but to paſſe through one fire into another. That Miracles are ceaſed I can neither prove, nor abſolutely deny, much leſſe define the time and period of their ceſſation; that they ſurvived Chriſt, is manifeſt upon record of Scripture; that they out-lived the Apoſtles alſo, and were revived at the converſion of Nations, many yeares after, we cannot deny, if we ſhall not queſtion thoſe Writers whoſe teſtimonies we doe not controvert, in points that make for our owne opinions; therefore that may have ſome truth in it that is reported by the Jeſuits, of their Miracles in the Indies, I could wiſh it were true, or had any other teſtimony then their

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owne pens: they may easily beleeve those Miracles abroad, who daily conceive greater at home; the transmutation of those visible elements into the visible body and blood of our Saviour: for the conversion of water into wine, which he wrought in *Cana*, or what the devil would have had him done in the wilderneſſe, of stones into Bread, compared to this, scarce deserves the name of Miracle: Though indeed, to speake properly, there is not one Miracle greater than another, they being the extraordinary effect of the hand of God, to which all things are of an equall facility; and to create the world as easily as one single creature. For this is also a miracle, not only to produce effects against or above Nature, but before Nature; and to create Nature as great a miracle as to contradict or transcend her; We doe too narrowly define the power of God, restraining it to our capacities. I hold that God cannot doe all things but sin; how he could worke contradictions I doe not understand, yet dare not therefore deny. I cannot see why the Angels of God should

queſtion *Eſdras* to recall the time paſt, if it were beyond his owne power; or that God ſhould poſe mortality in that, which he was not able to performe himſelfe. I will not ſay, God cannot, but he will not performe many things, which we plainly affirme he cannot: this I am ſure is the mannerlieſt propoſition, wherein notwithſtanding I hold no Paradox. For ſtrictly his power is the ſame with his will, and they both with all the reſt doe make but one God.

But above all things, I wonder how the curioſity of wiſer heads could paſſe that great and indiſputable miracle, the ceſſation of Oracles: and in what ſwoun their reaſons lay, to content themſelves, and ſit down with ſuch far-fetch't and ridiculous reaſons as *Plutarch* alledgeth for it. The Jewes that can believe the ſupernaturall ſolſtice of the Sun in the dayes of *Ioſhuah*, have yet the impudence to deny the Eclipſe, wch every Pagan confeſſed at their death: but for this it is evident beyond all contradiction, the Devill himſelfe confeſſed it. Certainly it is not a warrantable curioſity,

riosity, to examine the verity of Scripture by the concordance of humane history, or seeke to confirme the Chronicle of *Hester* or *Daniel*, by the authority of *Megasthenes* or *Herodotus*: I confesse I have had an unhappy curiosity this way, till I laughed my selfe out of it with a piece of *Iustine*, where he delivers that the children of *Israel* for being scabbed were banished out of Egypt. And truly since I have understood the occurrences of the world, and know in what counterfeit shapes and deceitfull vizzards the time represents on the stage things past I doe beleeve them little more then things to come. Some have beene of opinion, and endeavoured to write the History of their owne lives; wherein *Moses* hath out-gone them all, and left not onely the story of his life, but of his death also. It is a riddle to me, how this story of Oracles hath not worm'd out of the world that doubtfull conceit of Spirits and Witches; how so many learned heads should so far forget the Metaphysicks, and destroy the Ladder and scale of creatures, as to question the existence of Spirits: for my part I have e-

ver beleeved, and doe now know, that there are Witches; they that doubt of these do not onely deny them, but Spirits; and are obliquely, not consequently, a sort, not of Infidels, but Atheists.

Those that to confute their incredulity desire to see apparition, shall questionless never behold any, nor have the power ever to be so much as Witches; the Devil hath them already in a heresie as capitall as Witchcraft, and to appeare to them, were but to convert them: Of all the delusions wherewith he deceives mortalitie there is not any that puzleth me more then the Legerdemaine of *Changeilng*; I doe not credit those transformations of reasonable creatures into beasts, or that the Devil hath the power to transplant a man into a horse, who tempted Christ (as a triall of his Divinity) to convert stones into bread. I could beleeve that Spirits use with man the act of carnality, and that in both sexes. I conceive they may assume, steale, or contrive a body wherein there may bee action enough to content decrepit lust, or passion to satisfie more active veneries; yet in both without

without a possibility of generation: and therefore that opinion, that Antichrist should be borne of the Tribe of *Dan* by conjunction with the Devill, is ridiculous, and a conceit fitter for the Rabbins then Christians.

I hold that the Devill doth really possesse some men, the spirit of melancholy others, the Spirit of delusion others; that as the Devill is concealed and deemed by some, so God and good Angels are pretended by others, whereof the late defection of the Maid of *Germany* hath left pregnant example. Againe, I beleeve that all that use sorceries, incantations, and spels, are not Witches, or as we terme them, Magicians; I conceive there is a traditionall Magicke, not learned immediately from the Devill, but at second hand from his Schollers, who having once his secret betrayed, are able, and doe empirically practice without his advice, they both proceeding upon the principles of nature: their actives actively conjoyned to disposed passives, will under any Master produce their effects. Thus I thinke at first a great part

of

of Philoſophy was Witchcraft, which being afterward derived to another, proved but Philoſophy, and was indeed no more but the honeſt effects of Nature: What invented by us is Philoſophy, learned from him is Magicke. We doe ſurely owe the diſcovery of many ſecrets to the diſcovery of good and bad angels. I could never paſſe that ſentence of *Paracelſus* without an afteriske or annotation; *Accedens conſtellatum multa revelat quærentibus animalia naturæ*, i.e. *opera Dei*. I do thinke that many myſteries aſcribed to our owne inventions, have beene the courteous revelation of Spirits; for thoſe noble eſſences in heaven beare a friendly regard unto their fellow-natures on earth; and therefore beleeve that thoſe many prodigies and ominous prognoſticks which fore-run the ruines of States, Princes, and private perſons, are the charitable premonitions of good Angels, which more careleſſe enquiries terme but the effects of chance and nature. Now beſides theſe particular and divided Spirits, there may be (for ought I know) an univerſall common Spirit to the

he whole world. It was the opinion of *Plato*, and it is yet the Hermeticall Philoſophers; if there be a common nature that inties and tyes the ſcattered and divided individuals into one ſpecies, why may there not be one that unites them all? However, I am ſure there is a common ſpirit that playes within us, yet makes no part of us, and that is the Spirit of God, and ſcintillation of the noble and mighty Eſſence, which is the life and radicall heat of ſpirits; and thoſe eſſences that know not the vertue of the Sunnes fire, quite contrary to the fire of Hell: This is the gentle heat that brooded on the waters, and in ſixe dayes hatched the world; this is that irradiation that diſpels the miſts of Hell, the clouds of horrour, feare, ſorrow, and deſpaire; and preſerves the region of the mind in ſerenity: whatſoever feeles not the warme gale and gentle ventilation of this Spirit (though I feele his pulſe) I dare not ſay he lives; for truely without this, to me, there is no heat under the Tropick; nor any light, though I dwell in the body of the Sun.

As

As when the labouring Sun hath wrought his tracke
Up to the top of lofty Cancers backe,
The Icie Ocean cracks, the frozen pole
Thawes with the heat of the Celestiall coale;
So when the absent beames begin t' impart
Againe a Solstice on my frozen heart,
My Winter's ov'r, my drooping spirits sing,
And every part revives into a Spring.
But if thy quickning beames a while decline,
And with their light blesse not this Orbe of mine,
A chilly frost surprizeth every member,
And in the midst of June I feele December.
Keepe still in my Horizon, for to me,
'Tis not the Sun that makes the day, but thee.
O how this earthly temper doth debase
The noble Soule, in this her heavenly place!
Whose wingy nature ever doth aspire,
To reach the place whence first it tooke its fire.
Those flames, I feele, which in my heart doe dwe'll,
Are not thy beames, but take their fire from Hell:
O quench them all, and let thy light divine
Be as the Sun to this poore Orbe of mine:
And to thy sacred Spirit convert those fires,
Whose earthy fumes choake my devout aspires.

Therefore for Spirits I am so farre from denying their existence, that I could easily beleeve, that not only whole Countreyes, but particular persons have their Tutela-

ry,

, and Guardian Angels: It is not a new pinion of the Church of *Rome*, but of *Pythagoras* and *Plato*; there is no hereſie in , and if not manifeſtly defined in Scripure, yet is an opinion of a good and holeſome uſe in the courſe and actions f a mans life, and would ſeeme as an *Hypotheſis* to ſalve many doubts, whereof ommon Philoſophy affordeth no reſolution: Now if you demand my opinion nd Metaphyſickes of their natures, I conſſe them very ſhallow, moſt of them in a egative way, like that of God; or in a omparative, betweene our ſelves and felow creatures; for there is in this Univerſe Staire, or manifeſt Scale of creatures, riing not diſorderly, or in a confuſion, but with a comely method and proportion: betweene creatures of meere exiſtence and hings of life, there is a large diſproportion of nature; betweene two plant-animals or creatures of ſenſe, a wider diffetence; betweene them and man, a farre greater: and if the proportion hold on, betweene manand Angels there ſhould be yet a greater.

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We doe not comprehend their natures who retaine the first definition of *Porphiry*, and distinguish them from our selves by immortality; for before his fall, man also was immortall; yet must we needes affirme that he had a different essence from the Angels: having therefore no certaine knowledge of their natures. it is no bad method of the Schooles, whatsoever perfection we find obscurely in our selves, in a more compleate and absolute way to ascribe unto them. I beléeve they have an extemporary knowledge, and upon the first motion of their reason doe what we cannot without study or deliberation; they know things by their formes, and define by specificall difference, what we describe by accidents and properties; and therfore probabilities to us may be demonstrations unto them; that they have knowledge not onely of the specificall, but numericall formes of individuals, and understand by what reserved difference each single *Hypostasis* (besides the relation to its species) becomes its naturall selfe.

That as the Soule hath a power to move the

he body it informs, ſo there is a Faculty o move any, though informe none; ours pon reſtraint of time, place, and diſtance. But that inviſible hand that conveyed *Habakkuk* to the Lions den, or *Philip* to *Azotus*, infringeth this rule, and hath a ſeret conveyance, wherewith mortality is ot aquainted; if they have that intuitive nowledge, whereby as in reflection they ehold the thoughts of one another, I cant peremptorily deny but they know a reat part of ours. They that to refute the nvocation of Saints, have deemed that hey know not our affaires below, have roceeded too farre, and muſt pardon my pinion, till I can truly anſwer that piece f Scripture, *At the converſion of a ſinner all he Angels of heaven rejoyce.* I cannot with hat great Father ſecurely interpret the vorke of the firſt day, *Fiat lux*, to the cretion of Angels, though (I confeſſe) there s not any creature that hath ſo neare a lympſe of their nature, as light in the unne and Elements, while we ſtile a bare ccident, but where it ſubſiſts alone, a ſpituall Subſtance, and may be an Angel: in

briefe,

briefe, conceive light invisible, and that i
a Spirit, those are certainely the Magiste
riall and master-pieces of the Creatur
the Flower (or as we may say) th
best part of nothing actually existing
what we are but in hopes, & probabilities
we are only the amphibious piece betwee
a corporall and spirituall essence, that mid
dle forme that linkes those two together
and makes good the method of God & na
ture, that jumps not from extreames, bu
unites the incompatible distances by som
middle and participating natures; that w
are the breath and similitude of God, it i
indisputable,& upon record of holy Scrip
ture, but to call our selves a Microcosme
or little world, I thought it only a pleasan
trope of Rhetorick, till my neare judgmen
and second thoughts told me there was
reall truth therein: for first we are a rud
masse, and in the ranke of creatures, which
onely are, and have a dull kind of being
not yet priviledged with life, or preferre
to sense or reason; next we live the life o
plants, the life of animals, the life of men
and at last the life of spirits, running on i
on

one myſterious nature: thoſe five kinds of exiſtences which comprehend the creatures not onely of the world, but of the Univerſe; this is man the great and true Amphibium, whoſe nature is diſpoſed to live not only like other creatures in divers elements, but in divided and diſtinguiſhed worlds; for though there be but one to ſenſ, here are two to reaſon; the one viſible, the other inviſible, whereof *Moſes* ſeemes to have left deſcription, and of the other ſo obſcurely, that ſome parts thereof are yet in controverſie; & truely for the laſt chapter of *Geneſis*, I muſt confeſſe a great deale of obſcurity, though Divines have to the power of humane reaſon endeavoured to make all goe in a literall meaning, yet thoſe allegoricall interpretations are alſo probable, & perhaps the myſticall method of *Moſes* bred up in the Hieroglyphicall Schooles of the Egyptians.

Now for the immaterial world me thinks we need not wander ſo farre as the firſt moveable, for even in this material fabrick the ſpirits walke as freely exempt from the affection of time, place, and motion, as be-

yond the extreameſt circumference: do
but extract from the corpulency of bodies
or reſolve things beyond their firſt matter
and you diſcover the habitation of An
gels, which if I call the ubiquitary, an
omnipreſent eſſence of God, I hope I ſha
not offend Divinity; for before the Crea
tion of the world God was really a
things. For the Angels he created no new
world, or determinate manſion, and there
fore they are every where, where his eſ
ſence is, and doe live at a diſtance even i
himſelfe: that God made all things fo
man, is in ſome ſenſe true, yet not ſo farr
as to ſubordinate the creation of thoſe pu
rer creatures to ours, though as miniſtrin
ſpirits they doe, and are willing to fulfi
the will of God in theſe lower and ſublu
nary affaires of man; God made all thing
for himſelfe, and it is impoſſible he ſhoul
make them for any other end then h
owne glory; it is all he can receive, and a
that is without himſelfe, for honour be
ing an externall adjunct, and in the honou
er, rather then in the perſon honoured,
was neceſſary to make a creature, fro
whom

whom hee might receive this homage, and that is in the other world Angels, in this it is man, which when we neglect wee forget the very end of our creation, and may juſtly provoke God, not onely to repent that he hath made the world, but that hee hath ſworne that he would not deſtroy it. That there is but one world, is a concluſion of Faith. *Ariſtotle* with all his Philoſophy hath not beene able to prove it; and as weakly that the world was eternall; that diſpute much troubled the pen of the ancient Philoſophers, but *Moſes* decided that queſtion, and ſalved all with a new terme of creation, a production of ſomething out of nothing, and that is whatſoever is oppoſite to ſomething more exactly, that which is truely contrary unto God, for he onely is, all other have an exiſtence, with depending, and are ſomething but by diſtinction.

The whole Creation is a myſtery, and particularly that of man, at the blaſt of his mouth were the reſt of the creatures made and at his bare word they ſtarted out of

nothing: but in the frame of man (as the Text describes it) he played the sensible operator, and seemed not so much to create, as make him; when he had separated the materials of other creatures, there consequently resulted a forme and soule, but having raised the wals of man, he was driven to a second and harder creation of a substance like himselfe, an incorruptible and immortall soule. For the two assertions we have in Philosophy, and opinion of the Heathens, the flat affirmative of *Plato*, and not a negative from *Aristotle*: there is another scruple cast in by Divinity (concerning its production) much disputed in the *Germane* auditories, and with that indifferency and equality of arguments, as leave the controversies undetermined.

I am not of *Paracelsus* minde, that boldly delivers a receipt to make a man without conjunction, yet cannot but wonder at the multitude of heads that doe deny traduction, having no other argument to confirme their beliefe, then that Rhetorical sentence, and *Antanaclasis* of *Augustine*, cre-

and

ndo infunditur, infundendo creatur, either opinion will ſtand well enough with religion, yet I ſhould rather incline to this, did not one objection haunt me, not wrung from ſpeculations and ſubtilties, but from common ſenſe, and obſervation, not pickt from the leaves of any other, but bred amongſt the weeds and tares of mine owne braine. And this is a concluſion from the equivocall and monſtrous production in the copulation of man with beaſt; for if the ſoule of man be not tranſmitted and tranſfuſed in the ſeed of the parents; why are not thoſe productions meerely beaſts, but have alſo an impreſſure and tincture of reaſon in as high meaſure as it may demonſtrate it ſelfe in thoſe improper organs? nor truly can I reaſonably deny, that the ſoule in this her ſublunary eſtate, is wholly inorganicall, but that for the performance of her ordinary actions, is required not onely a ſymmetry and proper diſpoſition of Organs, but a Craſis and temper correſpondent to its operation; yet is not this maſſe of fleſh and viſible ſtructure the inſtrument and proper corps of

the ſoule, but rather of ſenſe, and that the nearer *Ubi* of reaſon. In our ſtudy of Anatomy there is a maſſe of myſterious Philoſophy, and ſuch as reduced the very Heathens to Divinity; yet amongſt all thoſe rare diſcoveries, and curious pieces, I find in the fabricke of man, I doe not ſo much content my ſelfe, as in that I find not any proper Organ or inſtrument for the rationall ſoule; for in the Braine, which we terme the ſeate of Reaſon, there is not any thing of moment more then I can diſcover in the crany of a beaſt. Thus we are men, and we know not how, there is ſomthing in us, that can be without us, and will be after us, though it is ſtrange that it hath no hiſtory, what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entred in us.

Now for the wals of fleſh, wherein the ſoule doth ſeeme to be immured before the reſtauration, it is nothing but an elementall compoſition, and a fabricke that may fall to aſhes; All fleſh is graſſe, is not onely metaphorically, but literally true, for all thoſe creatures we behold, are but the herbes of the field, digeſted into fleſh

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n them, or more remotely carnified in
ur ſelves. Nay further, we are what we
ll abhorre, *Anthropophagi* and Cannibals,
devourers not onely of men, but of our
elves; and that not in an allegory, but a
poſitive truth; for all this maſſe of fleſh
which we behold, came in at our mouthes:
his frame we looke upon, hath beene up-
n our trenchers. In briefe, we have de-
voured our ſelves. I cannot beleeve that
viſdome of *Pythagoras* did ever poſitively,
nd in a literall ſenſe, affirme his *Metem-*
ſuchoſis, or impoſſible tranſmigrations of
he ſoules of men into beaſts: of all Meta-
morphoſes or tranſmigrations, I beleeve
nely one, that is of *Lots* wife, for that of
Nebuchadnezzar proceeded not ſo farre
n all others I conceive there is no further
verity then is contained in their implicite
enſe and morality: I beleeve that the
whole frame of a beaſt doth periſh, and is
eft in the ſame ſtate after death, as before
t was materialled unto life; that the ſoules
of men know neither contrary nor cor-
uption, that they ſubſiſt beyond the bo-
dy, and outlive death by the privi[illegible]

their proper natures, and without a mira-
cle, that the ſoules of the faithfull, as they
leave earth, take poſſeſſion of Heaven: that
thoſe apparitious, and ghoſts of departed
perſons are not the wandring ſoules of
men, but the unquiet walkes of Devils,
prompting and ſuggeſting us unto miſ-
chiefe, bloud, and villany, inſtilling and
ſtealing into our hearts; that the bleſſed
ſpirits are not at reſt in their graves, but
wander ſolicitous of the affaires of the
world; that thoſe phantaſmes appeare of-
ten, and doe frequent Cemiteries, Char-
nell houſes, and Churches, it is becauſe
thoſe are the dormitories of the dead,
where the Devill like an inſolent Cham-
pion holds with pride the ſpoiles and Tro-
phies of his victory in *Adam*.

This is the diſmall conqueſt we all de-
plore, that makes us often cry, *O Adam
quid feciſti?* I thanke God I have not thoſe
ſtrait ligaments, or narrow obligations to
the world, as to dote on life, or be convulſed
and tremble at the name of death. Not
that I am inſenſible of the dread and hor-
rour thereof, or by raking into the bow-

els

els of the deceaſed, continuall ſight of Anatomies, Skeletons, or Cadaverous reliques, like Veſpilloes, or Grave-makers, I am become ſtupid, or have forgot the apprehenſion of mortality, but that marſhalling of the horrours, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not any therein able to daunt the courage of a man much leſſe a reſolved Chriſtian, and therefore am not angry at the errour of our firſt parents, or unwilling to beare a part of this common fate; and like the beſt of them to dye, that is, to ceaſe to breathe; to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one inſtant a ſpirit: When I take a full view and circle of my ſelfe, but with this reaſonable moderator, and equall piece of juſtice, death, I doe conceive my ſelfe the miſerableſt perſon extant, were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of the world ſhould not intreat a moments breath from me; could the Devill worke my beliefe to imagine I could never die, I would not out-live that very thought, I have ſo abject a thought of this common way

way of exiſtence, this retaining to the Sun and elements, I cannot thinke this to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of my nature, in expectation of a better; I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my beſt meditations do often deſire death, I honour any man that contemnes it, nor can I love any that is afraid of it; this makes me naturally love a Souldier, and honour thoſe tattered and contemptible Regiments that will dye at the command of a Sergeant. For a Pagan there may be ſome motives to be in love with life, but for a Chriſtian to be amazed at death, I ſee not how he can eſcape this Dilemma, that he is too ſenſible of this life, or careleſſe of the life to come.

Some Divines count *Adam* 30. years old at his creation, becauſe they ſuppoſe him created in the perfect age & ſtature of man; & ſurely we are all out of the computation of our age, every man is ſome moneths elder then he bethinkes him; for we live, move, and have a being, and are ſubject to the actions of the elements, and the malice of diſeaſes in that other world, the

trueſt

rueſt Microcoſme, the wombe of our mo-
her: for beſides that generall and com-
non exiſtence that we are conceived in
our Chaos, and whilſt we ſleepe within
he boſom of our cauſes, we enjoy a being
nd life in three diſtinct worlds, wherein
ve receive moſt manifeſt gradations: In
hat obſcure world and womb of our mo-
her, our time is ſhort, computed by the
Moone; yet longer then the dayes of ma-
ny creatures that behold the Sunne, our
elves being not yet without life, ſenſe,
nd reaſon; the manifeſtation of its acti-
ons, it awaits the opportunity of ob-
ects; and ſeemes to live there but in its
roote and ſoule of vegetation, entring af-
erwards upon the ſcene of the world, we
riſe up and become another creature, per-
forming the reaſonable actions of man,
nd obſcurely manifeſting that part of Di-
inity in uſe, but not in complement and
erfection, till we have once more caſt
our ſecondine, that is, this flough of fleſh,
nd are delivered into the laſt world, that
s, that ineffable place of Saint *Paul*, that
bi of ſpirits. The ſmattering that I have

of

of the Philoſophers ſtone, which is no thing elſe but the perfecteſt exaltation o gold, hath taught me a great deale of Di vinity, and inſtructed my beliefe, how tha immortall ſpirit and incorruptible ſub ſtance of my ſoule may lie obſcure, an ſleepe within this houſe of fleſh. Thoſ ſtrange and myſticall tranſmigrations tha I have obſerved in Silkewormes, turne my Philoſophy into Divinity. There is i theſe workes of nature, which ſeeme t puzzle reaſon, ſomething Divine, and hat more in it then the eye of a common ſpe ctator doth diſcover. I am naturally baſh full, nor hath converſation, age, or tra vell, beene able to effront or harden me yet I have one part of modeſty, which I have ſeldome diſcovered in another, that is, to ſpeake truely. I am not ſ much afraid of death, as aſhamed thereof to the very diſgrace and ignominy of ou natures, that in a moment can ſo disfigur us that our neareſt friends, Wife, & Chil dren ſtand afraid and ſtare at us. Th Birds and Beaſts of the field that before i a naturall feare obeyed us, forgetting al

alle

legiance begin to prey upon us; this very
nceit hath in a tempeſt diſpoſed and left
e willing to be ſwallowed up in the a-
yſſe of waters, wherein I had periſhed,
nſeene, unpityed, without wondring eyes,
ares of pity, Lectures of mortality, and
one had ſaid, *Quantum mutatus ab illo*!
Not that I am aſhamed of the Anatomy
f my parts, or can accuſe nature for play-
ng the bungler in any part of me, or my
wne vitious life for contracting any
namefull diſeaſe upon me, whereby I
ight not call my ſelfe as wholeſome a
norſell for the wormes as any. Some up-
n the courage of fruitfull iſſue, wherein,
s in the trueſt Chronicle, they ſeeme to
utlive themſelves, can with greater pati-
nce away with death. This conceit and
ounterfeit ſubſiſting in our progenies
eemes to me a meere fallacy, unworthy
he deſires of a man, that can but con-
eive a thought of the next world; who,
n a noble ambition, ſhould deſire to live
n his ſubſtance in Heaven. And there-
fore at my death I meane to take a Totall
diew of the world, not caring for a Mo-
nument

nument, Hiſtory, or Epitaph, not ſo much as the bare memory of my name to be found any where but in the univerſall Regiſter of God: I am not yet ſo Cynicall, as to approve the Teſtament of *Diogenes*, nor doe altogether allow that *Rodomantado* of *Lucian*.

—*Cælo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.*
He that unburied lies, wants not a Herſe,
For unto him a tombe's the univerſe.

But commend in my calmer judgement thoſe ingenuous intentions that deſire to ſleep by the urnes of their Fathers, and ſtrive to goe the neareſt way unto corruption. I doe not envy the temper of Crowes nor the numerous and weary dayes of our Fathers before the Floud. If their be any truth in Aſtrology, I may outlive a Jubile, as yet I have not ſeene one revolution of *Saturne*, nor have my pulſe beate thirty yeares, and excepting one, have ſeene the aſhes, and left under ground, all the Kings of *Europe*, have beene contemporary to three Emperours, foure Grand Signiours, and as many Popes; me thinkes I have out-lived my ſelfe, and begin to be weary

of

of the ſame, I have ſhaken hands with delight in warm bloud and Canicular dayes, I perceive I doe participate the vices of age, the world to me is but a dreame, or mock-ſhow, and we all therein but Pantalones or Antickes to my ſeverer contemplation.

It is not, I confeſſe, an unlawfull Prayer to deſire to ſurpaſſe the dayes of our Saviour, or wiſh to out-live that age wherein he thought fitteſt to dye, yet, if (as Divinity affirmes) there ſhall be no gray haires in Heaven, but all ſhall riſe in the perfect ſtate of men, we doe but outlive thoſe perfections in this world, to be recalled by them, by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to outlive vice, or a point to be ſuper-annated from ſin, it were worthy on our knees to implore the age of *Methuſelah*. But age doth not rectifie, but incurvate our natures, turning bad diſpoſitions into worſer habits, and (like diſeaſes) bring on incurable vices; for every day, as we grow weake in age, we grow ſtrong in ſinne, and the num-

number of our dayes doth but make ou
ſinnes innumerable. The ſame vice com
mitted at ſixteene, is not the ſame, thoug
it agree in all other circumſtances, at forty
but ſwels and doubles from the circum
ſtance of our ages, wherein beſides th
conſtant and inexcuſable habit of tranſ
greſſing, it hath the maturity of our Judge
ment to cut off pretence unto excuſe o
pardon: every ſinne, the oftner it is com
mitted the more it acquireth in the quality
of evill; as it ſucceeds in times, ſo it pro
ceeds into degrees of badneſſe, for as they
proceed they ever multiply, and like figure
in Arithmeticke, the laſt ſtands for more
then all that went before it: the courſe and
order of my life, would be a very death to
others: I uſe my ſelfe to all dyets, humours
ayres, hunger, thirſt, cold, heat, want
plenty, neceſſity, dangers, hazards; when
I am cold, I cure not my ſelfe by heate
when ſicke, not by phyſicke, thoſe tha
know how I live, may juſtly ſay, I regard
not life, nor ſtand in feare of death; I am
much taken with two verſes of *Lucan*, ſinc
I have beene able not onely as we doe a
Schoole

Schoole, to conſtrue, but underſtand it:

Victuroſque Dei celant ut vivere durent,
Felix eſſe mori.

So are we all deluded, vainely ſearching wayes;
To make us happy by the length of dayes,
For cunningly it makes protract the breath
The Gods conceale the happineſſe of Death.

There be many excellent ſtraines in that Poet, wherewith his Stoicall Genius hath liberally ſupplyed him; and truly there are ſingular pieces of Philoſophy of *Zeno*, and doctrine of the Stoickes, which I perceive, delivered in a Pulpit, paſſe for current Divinity, yet herein are they extreame that can allow a man to be his own *Aſſaſſine*, and ſo highly extoll the end of *Cato*, this is indeed not to feare death, but yet to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valour to contemne death, but where life is more terrible then death, it is then the trueſt valour to date to live, and herein Religion hath taught us a noble example: For all the valiant acts of *Curtius Scevola*,

of *Codrus*, doe not parallel or match the one of *Job*; and sure there is no torture to the rack of a disease, nor any Poneyard in death it selfe like those in the way o prologue unto it.

Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil cur
I would not dye, but care not to be dead Were I of *Cæsars* Religion I should be o his desires, and wish rather to be torture at one blow, then to be sawed in peeces b the grating torture of a disease. Now be sides this literall positive kinde of death there are others whereof Divines mak mention, and those I thinke, not meere ly Metaphoricall, as Mortification, dyin unto sinne and the world; therefore I say every man hath a double Horoscope, on of his Humanity, his birth; another o his Christianity, his baptisme, and from this doe I compute or calculate my Nati vity, yet not reckoning of those *Horæ com busta*, and odde dayes, or esteeming my selfe any thing, before I was my Saviours and inrolled in the Register of Christ whosoever enjoyes not this life, I coun him but an apparition, though he weare

bout him the ſenſible affection of the eſh.

In thoſe morall acceptions, the way be immortall is to dye daily, nor can hinke that I have the true Theory of ath, when I contemplate a skull, or hold a Skeleton, which thoſe vulgar aginations caſt upon it; I have there-re enlarged that common *Memento ri*, into a more Chriſtian memoran-um, *Memento quatuor noviſſima*, thoſe ure inevitable points of us all, Death, dgement, Heaven, and Hell. Neither d the contemplations of the Heathens ſt in their graves, without a further ought of *Radamanth* or ſome judiciall roceeding after death, but in another ay, and upon ſuggeſtion of their natu-ll reaſons. I cannot but marvaile from hat *Sibyll* or Oracle they ſtole the pro-heſie of the worlds deſtruction by fire, whence *Lucan* learned to ſay,

Communis mundo ſupereſt rogus, oſſibus aſtra
Miſturus. ——

here yet remaines to th' world one common
fire,

Wherein our bones with ſtarres ſhall make one pire.

I beleeve the world growes neare its end, and yet is neither old nor decayed nor will ever periſh upon the ruines of its owne principles. As the worke of Creation was above nature, ſo its adverſary, annihilation, without which the world hath not its end. Now what force ſhould be able to conſume it, thus farre without the breath of God, which is the trueſt conſuming flame my Philoſophy can informe me? I beleeve that there went not a minute to the world creation, nor ſhall there goe to its deſtruction; Thoſe ſix daies ſo punctually deſcribed, make not to me one moment, but rather ſeeme to manifeſt the method and Idea of the great worke of the intellect of God, then the manner how he proceeded in its operation. I cannot dreame that there ſhould be at the laſt day any Judiciall proceeding, or calling to the Barre, as indeed the Scripture ſeemes to imply, and the litera-

com

ommentators doe conceive: for un-
eakeable myſteries in the Scriptures
e often delivered in a vulgar and illu-
rative way, aud being written unto
an, are delivered, not as they truely
e, but as they may be underſtood,
herein notwithſtanding the different
terpretations according to different
pacities they may ſtand firme with
ur devotion, nor be any way prejudi-
all to each ſingle edification. Now to
etermine the day and yeare of this in-
vitable time, is not onely convincible
nd ſtatute madneſſe, but alſo manifeſt
npiety; How ſhall we interpret *Eliæs*
000. yeares, or imagine the ſecret
ommunicated to the Rabbi, which
God hath denyed to his Angels?

It had beene an excellent quære, to
ave poſed the devill of *Delphos*, and
uſt needes have forced him to ſome
range amphibology; it hath not onely
ocked the predictions of ſundry A-
rologers in ages paſt, but the Philoſo-
hy of many melancholy heads, in the
reſent, who neither underſtanding rea-

sonable things past, nor present, pre-
tend a knowledge of things to come
heads ordained onely to manifest th
incredible effects of melancholy, an
to fulfill old prophesies, rather then b
authour of new.

[In those daies there shall come war
and rumours of wars] to me seemes n
prophesie, but a constant truth, in a
times verifyed since it was first pro-
nounced: There shall be signes in th
Moone and Starres, how comes he the
like a theefe in the night, when he give
an item of his comming? That commo
signe drawn from the revelation of An
tichrist, the Philosophers stone in Divi
nity, for the discovery and invention
whereof, though there be prescribe
rules, and probable inductions, yet
hath no man attained the perfect disco
very thereof. That generall opinion tha
the world growes neare at an end, hat
possessed all ages past as nearely as ours
I am afraid that the soules that now de
part, cannot escape the lingring expo
stulation of the Saints under the Altar

Que

uousque Domine? How long, O Lord?
nd groane in the expectation of the
reat Jubilee. This is the day that must
ake good the great attribute of Gods
ustice, that must reconcile those unan-
werable doubts that torment the wisest
nderstandings, and reduce those seem-
g inequalities, and respective distribu-
ons in this world, to an equality and
ecompensive Justice in the next.

This is that one day, that shall include
nd comprehend all that went before it,
herein as in the last scene, all the A-
tors must enter to compleat and make
p the Catastrophe of this great piece.
his is the day, whose onely memory
ath power to make us honest in the
arke, and to be vertuous without a
itnesse. *Ipsa sui pretium virtus sibi*, that
ertue is her owne reward, is but a cold
rinciple, and not able to maintaine our
ariable resolutions in a constant and
etled way of goodnesse. I have practi-
ed that honest artifice of *Seneca*, and
n my retired and solitary imaginations,
o detaine me from the foulenesse of

vice, have fancyed to my selfe the pre
sence of my deare and worthyest friend
before whom I should lose my head, ra
ther then be vicious, yet herein I foun
that there was nought but morall hone
sty, and this was not to be vertuous fo
his sake who must reward us at the la
day. I have tryed if I could have reach
ed that great resolution of his, to be ho
nest without a thought of Heaven o
hell, and indeed I found upon a natural
inclination, and inbred loyalty unto ver
tue, that I could serve her without a h
very, yet not in the resolved venerabl
way, but that the frailty of my nature
upon an easie temptation, might be in
duced to forget her. The life therefo
and spirit of all our actions, is the resur
rection, and stable apprehension, tha
our ashes shall enjoy the fruit of our p
ous endeavours; without this, all Reli
gion is a fallacy, and those impieties o
Lucian and *Euripedes*, are no blasphe
mies, but subtile verities, and Atheist
have beene the only Philosophers. How
shall the dead arise? is no question o

my

ny faith, to beleeve onely poſſibilities, s not faith, but meere Philoſophy; many things are true in Divinity, which are neither inducible by reaſon, nor confirmable by ſenſe, and many things in Philoſophy confirmable by ſenſe, yet not inducible by reaſon. Thus it is impoſſible by any ſolid or demonſtrative reaſons to perceive a man to beleeve the converſion of the Needle to the North; though this be poſſible, and true, and eaſily credible, upon a ſingle experiment of the ſenſe. I beleeve that our eſtranged and divided aſhes ſhall unite againe, that our ſeparated duſt after ſo many pilgrimages and transformations into the parts of Minerals, Plants, Animals, Elements, ſhall at the voyce of God returne into their primitive ſhapes, and joyn againe to make up their primary and predeſtinate formes. As at the Creation, there was a ſeparation of the confuſed maſſe into its ſpecies, ſo at the deſtruction thereof ſhall be a ſeparation into its diſtinct individuals. As at the Creation of the world, all that di-

ſtinct

ſtinct ſpecies that we behold, lay involved in one maſſe, till the fruitfull voyce of God ſeparated this united multitude into its ſeverall ſpecies: ſo at the laſt day, when thoſe corrupted Reliques ſhall be ſcattered in the wildernesſe of formes, and ſeeme to have forgot their proper habits, God by a powerful voyce ſhall command them backe into their proper ſhapes, and cal them out by their ſingle and individuals: Then ſhall appeare the fertility of *Adam*, and the magicke of that ſperme that hath dilated into ſo many millions; what is made to be immortall, Nature cannot, nor will the voyce of God deſtroy.

Thoſe bodies that we behold to periſh, were in their created natures, immortall, and liable unto death but accidentally, and upon forfeit, and therefore they owe not that naturall homage unto death, as other bodies doe, but may be reſtored to immortality with a leſſer miracle, as by a bare and eaſie revocation of courſe returne immortall. I have often beheld as a miracle, that artificiall

reſur-

resurrection and vivification of *Mercury*, how being mortified in a thousand shapes, it assumes againe its owne, and returnes into its numericall selfe.

Let us speake naturally, and as Philosophers, the formes of alterable bodies in those sensible corruptions perish not; nor as we imagine, wholly quit their mansions, but retire and contract themselves into those secret and unaccessable parts, where they may best protect themselves against the action of their Antagonists. A plant or vegetable consumed to ashes, to a contemplative and schoole Philosopher seemes utterly destroyed, and the forme to have taken his leave for ever: But to a subtile Artist the formes are not perished, but withdrawn into their combustible part, where they lie secure from the action of that devouring element. This I make good by experience, and can from the ashes of a plant revive the plant, and from its cinders recall it to its stalk and leaves again. What the Art of man can doe in these inferiour pieces, what blasphemy is it

to imagine the finger of God cannot doe in those more perfect and sensible structures: This is that mysticall Philosophy, from whence no true Scholler becomes an Atheist, but from the visible effects of nature, grows up a real Divine, and beholds not as in a dreame, as *Ezekiel*, but in an ocular and visible object the types of his resurrection. Now, the necessary Mansions of our restored self, are these two contrary incompatible places we call Heaven and Hell; to define them, or strictly to determine what and where these are, surpasseth my divinity. That elegant Saint, which seemed to have a glimpse of Heaven, hath left but a negative description thereof; Which neither eye hath seene, nor eare hath heard, nor can enter into the heart of man: he was translated out of himselfe to behold it, but being returned into himselfe could not expresse it. Saint *Johns* description by Emeralds, Chrysolites, and precious stones, is too weake to expresse the materiall Heaven we behold. Briefely therefore, where the

ſoule hath the full meaſure, and complement of happineſſe, where the boundleſſe appetite of the ſpirit remaines compleatly ſatisfied, that it can neither deſire addition nor alteration; that I thinke is truly Heaven: and this can onely be in the enjoyment of that eſſence, whoſe infinite goodneſſe is able to terminate the deſires of it ſelfe, and the unſatiable wiſhes of ours; where ever God will thus manifeſt himſelfe, there is Heaven, though within the circle of this ſenſible world.

Thus the ſenſe of man may be in Heaven any where within the limits of his owne proper body, and when it ceaſeth to live in the body, it may remaine in its owne ſoule, that is its Creator. And thus we may ſay that Saint *Paul*, whether in the body, or out of the body, was yet in Heaven. To place it in the Empyriall, or beyond the tenth Sphere, is to forget the worlds deſtruction; for when this ſenſible world ſhall be deſtroyed, and ſhall then be here as it was there, an Empyriall Heaven, a *quaſi vacuitie*,

cuitie, when to aske where Heaven is, is to demand where the preſence of God is, or where we have the glory of that happy viſion. *Moſes* that was bred up in all the learning of the Egyptians, committed a groſſe abſurdity in Philoſophy when with the eyes of fleſh he deſired to ſee God, and petitioned his Maker, that is truth it ſelfe, to contradiction. Thoſe that imagine Heaven and Hell neighbours, and conceive a vicinity betweene thoſe two extreames, upon conſequence of the Parable, where *Dives* diſcourſed with *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* boſome, doe too groſſely conceive of thoſe glorified creatures, whoſe eyes ſhall eaſily out-ſee the Sunne, and behold without a Perſpective, the extreameſt diſtances: for if there ſhall be in our glorified eyes, the faculty of ſight and reception of objects, I could thinke the viſible ſpecies there to be in as unlimitable a way as now the intellectuals. I grant that two bodies placed beyond the tenth Spheare, or in a vacuity, according to *Ariſtotles* Philoſophy, could

not

not behold each other, becauſe there wants a body or Medium to have and tranſport the viſible rayes of the object unto the ſenſe, but when there ſhall be a generall defect of either Medium to convey, or light to prepare and diſpoſe that Medium, and yet a perfect viſion, we muſt ſuſpend the rules of our Philoſophy, and make all good by a more abſolute piece of Opticks. I cannot tell how to ſay that fire is the eſſence of hell, I know not what to make of Purgatory, or conceive a flame that can neither prey upon, nor purifie the ſubſtance of a ſoule; thoſe flames of ſulphure mentioned in the Scriptures, I take not to be underſtood of this preſent Hell, but of that to come where fire ſhall make up the complement of our tortures, and have a body or ſubject wherein to manifeſt its tyranny: Some who had the honor to be Text. in divinity, are of opinion it ſhall be the ſame ſpecificall fire with ours. This is hard to conceive, yet can I make good how even that may prey upon our bodies, and yet not conſume

ſume us: for in this materiall world, there are bodies that paſſed invincible in the powerfulleſt flames, and though by action of the fire they fell into ignition and liquation, yet will they never ſuffer a deſtruction: I would know how *Moſes* with an actuall fire calcind, or burnt the golden Calfe into powder: for that myſticall mettle of gold, whoſe ſolary and celeſtiall nature I adore, expoſed unto the violence of fire, growes only hot and liquifies, but conſumeth not: ſo when the conſumable and volatile pieces of our bodies ſhall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed temper like gold, though they ſuffer from the action of the flames, they ſhall never periſh, but lie immortall in the armes of fire.

And ſurely if this frame muſt ſuffer onely by the action of this element, there will many bodies eſcape, and not onely Heaven, but earth will not be at an end, but rather a beginning; For at preſent it is not earth, but a compoſition of fire, water, earth, and aire; but at that time

ſpoyled

ſpoyled of thoſe ingredients, it ſhall appeare in a ſubſtance more like it ſelfe, its aſhes. Philoſophers that opinioned the worlds deſtruction by fire, did never dreame of annihilation, which is beyond the power of ſublunary cauſes; for the laſt and proper action of that element is but vitrification, or a reduction of a body into Glaſſe, and therefore ſome of our Chymicks factiouſly affirme; yea, and urge Scripture for it, that at the laſt fire all ſhall be cryſtallized and reverberated into Glaſſe, which is the utmoſt action of that element. Nor need we feare this terme annihilation, or wonder that God will deſtroy the workes of his Creation: for man ſubſiſting, who is, and then truly appeares a Microcoſme, the world cannot be ſaid to be deſtroyed. For the eyes of God, and perhaps alſo of our glorified ſelves, ſhall as really behold and contemplate the world in its Epitome or contracted eſſence, as now it doth at large in its dilated ſubſtance. In the Syen of a Plant to the eyes of God, and to the underſtanding

of man, there exiſt, though in an inviſible way, the perfect leaves, flowers, and fruit thereof: for things that are in *poſſe* to the ſenſe, are actually exiſtent to the underſtanding. Thus God beholds all things, who contemplates as fully his workes in their Epitome, as in their full volume, and beheld as amply the whole world in that little compendium of the ſixth day, as in the ſcattered and dilated pieces of thoſe five before. Men commonly ſet forth the torments of Hell by fire, and the extremity of corporall afflictions, and deſcribe Hell in the ſame method that *Mahomet* doth Heaven. This indeed makes a noyſe, and drums in popular eares: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to ſtand in diameter with Heaven, whoſe happineſſe conſiſts in that part that is beſt able to comprehend it, that immortall eſſence, the tranſlated divinity of God, the ſoule. I thanke God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the deſcription of that place; I have ſo fixed my con-

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templations on Heaven, that I have almoſt forgot the Idea of Hell, and am afraid rather to loſe the joyes of Heaven, then endure the miſery of Hell; to be deprived of them is a perfect Hell, and needes me thinkes no addition to compleat our afflictions; that terrible terme hath never detained me from ſin, nor doe I owe any good action to the name thereof: I feare God, yet am not afraid of him, his mercies make me aſhamed of my ſinnes, before his judgments afraid thereof: theſe are the forced and ſecondary method of his wiſdom, which he uſeth but as the laſt remedy, and upon provocation, a courſe rather to detaine the wicked, then to incite the godly to his worſhip. I cannot thinke there was ever any ſcared into heaven, they go the faireſt way to heaven, that would ſerve God without a hell, other Mercinaries that crouch unto him in feare of hell, though they terme themſelves the ſervants, are indeed but the ſlaves of the Almighty: and to be true and ſpeak my ſoule, when I ſurvey the occurrences of

my life, and call into account the finger of God, I can perceive nothing but an abyſſe and maſſe of mercies, either in generall to mankind, or in particular to my ſelfe, and whether out of the prejudice of my owne affections, or an inverting and partiall conceit of his mercies, I know not, but thoſe which others terme croſſes, afflictions, judgements, misfortunes, to me who enquire farther into them then viſible effects, they both appeare, and in effect have ever proved the ſecret and diſſembled favours of his affection. It is a ſingular piece of wiſedome to apprehend truely, and without paſſion the worke of God, and ſo well to diſtinguiſh his juſtice from his mercy, as not miſcall thoſe noble attributes; yet it is likewiſe an honeſt piece of Logick, to diſpute and argue the proceedings of God, as to diſtinguiſh even his judgements into mercies. For God is merciſull unto all, becauſe to the worſt, that the beſt deſerve, and to ſay he puniſheth none in this world, though it be a Paradox, is no abſurdity. To one that

hath

hath committed murther, if the Judge should say, onely ordaine a Fine, it were a madnesse to call this punishment, and to repine at the sentence, rather then admire the clemency of the Judge. Thus our offences being mortall, and deserving not onely death, but damnation, if the goodnesse of God be content to traverse and passe them over with a losse, misfortune, or disease; what Phrensie were it to terme this a punishment, rather than an extremity of mercy, to groane under the rod of his judgements, rather then admire the Scepter of his mercies? therefore to adore, honour, and admire him, is a debt of gratitude due from the obligation of our nature, states, and conditions, and with these thoughts, he that knows them best, will not deny that I adore him; that I obtain heaven, and the blisse thereof, is accidentall, and not the intended worke of my devotion, it being a felicity I can neither thinke to deserve, nor scarse in modesty to expect. For these two ends of us all, either as rewards, or punishments,

are mercifully ordained, and disproportionally disposed unto our actions, the one being farre beyond our deserts, the other so infinitely below our demerits. There is no salvation to those that beleeve not in Christ, that is, say some since his Nativity, and as Divinity affirmeth before also, which makes me much apprehend the end of those honest Worthies and Philosophers which dyed before his Incarnation. It is hard to place those soules in hell whose life doth teach us vertue on earth; me thinks amongst those many subdivisions of hell there might have beene one *Limbo* left for those: What strange vision will it be to see their poeticall fictions converted into verities, and their imagined and fancyed furies, into reall devils? how strange to them will sound the History of *Adam*, when they shall suffer for him they never heard of? when they that derive their Genealogy from the gods, shall know they are the unhappy issue of sinfull man? It is an insolent part of reason to controvert the works of God,

or

or queſtion the juſtice of his proceedings; Could humility teach others, as it hath inſtructed me, to contemplate the infinite and incomprehenſible diſtance betwixt the Creator and the creature, or did we ſeriouſly perpend that one principle of Saint *Paul*, *Shall the veſſell ſay to the Potter, Why haſt thou made me thus?* it would prevent the arrogant diſputes of reaſon, nor would we argue the definitive ſentence of God, either in heaven or hell. Men that live according to the right rule and law of reaſon, live but in their owne kind, as beaſts doe in theirs; who juſtly obey the preſcript of their natures, and therfore cannot reaſonably demand a reward of their actions as only obeying the naturall dictates of their reaſons. It will therefore, and muſt at laſt appeare, that all ſalvation is through Chriſt; which verity I feare thoſe great examples of vertue muſt confirme, and make it good, how the perfecteſt actions of earth have no title or claime unto heaven: nor truely doe I thinke the lives of theſe or of any other were ever cor-

respondent or in all points conformable unto their doctrines; it is evident that *Aristotle* transgressed the rule of his own Ethicks; the Stoicks that condemne passion, and command a man to laugh in *Phalaris* his Bull; could not indure without a groan, a fit of the stone or collicke. The Scepticks that affirme they knew nothing, even in that opinion confute themselves, and thought they knew more then all the world. *Diogenes* I hold to be the most vaine-glorious man of his time, and more ambitious in refusing all honours, then *Alexander* in rejecting none. Vice and the Devill put a fallacy upon our reasons, and provoking too hastily to run from it, entangle and profound us deeper in it. The Duke of *Venice*, that yearely weds himselfe unto the Sea, by casting thereinto a ring of Gold, I will not argue of prodigality, because it is a solemnity of good use and consequence in the State. But the Philosopher that threw his money into the Sea to avoid avarice, was a notorious prodigall. There is no road or ready

way

way to vertue, it is not an easie point of art to dis-intangle our selves from this riddle, or web of sin: To perfect vertue, as to Religion, there is required a Panoplia or compleate armour, that whilst we lye not at a close ward against one vice we lye open to another: And indeed wiser discretions that have the thred of reason to conduct them, offend without a pardon; whereas under heads may stumble without dishonour. There goe so many circumstances to piece up one good action, that tis a lesson to be good, and we are forced to be vertuous by the booke. Againe, the practice of men holds not an equall pace, yea, and often runnes counter to their Theory; we naturally know what is good, but naturally pursue what is evill: the Rhetoricke wherewith I perswade another, cannot perswade my selfe: there is a depraved appetite in us, that will with patience heare the learned instructions of Reason; but yet performe no farther then agrees to its own irregular humor. In briefe, we all are monsters, that is, a compo-

compoſition of man and beaſt, wherein we muſt indeavour to be as the Poets fancy that wiſe man *Chiron*, that is, to have the Region of Man above that of Beaſt, and ſenſe to ſit but at the foot of reaſon. Laſtly, I doe deſire with God that all, but yet affirme with men, that few ſhal know ſalvation, that the bridge is narrow, the paſſage ſtrait unto life, yet thoſe who doe confine the Church of God, either to particular Nations, Churches, or Families, have made it far narrower then ever our Saviour meant it. I beleeve many are ſaved, who to man ſeeme reprobated, and many are reprobated, who in the opinion and ſentence of man ſtand elected; there wil appear at the laſt day, ſtrange, and unexpected examples, both of his Juſtice and mercy, and therefore to deſire either, is folly in man, and inſolency even in the devils; thoſe acute and ſubtill ſpirits cannot divine in all their ſagacity, who ſhall be ſaved, which if they could prognoſticate, their labour were at an end; nor need they compaſſe the earth, ſeeking whom

whom they may devoure. Thoſe who upon rigid application of the Law, ſentence *Solomon* unto damnation, condemn not only him, but themſelves, and the whole world; for by the letter, and written Word of God, we are without exception in the ſtate of death, but there is a prerogative of God, and an arbitrary pleaſure above the letter of his owne Law, by which alone we can pretend unto ſalvation, and through which *Solomon* might be as eaſily ſaved as thoſe who condemne him.

The number of thoſe who pretend unto ſalvation, and thoſe infinite ſwarmes who thinke to paſſe through the eye of a Needle, have much amazed me. That name and compellation of little Flock, doth not comfort but deject my devotion, eſpecially when I reflect upon mine owne unworthineſſe, wherein, according to my humble apprehenſions, I am below them all: I beleeve there ſhall never be an Anarchy in Heaven, but as there are Hierarchies amongſt the Angels, ſo ſhall there be degrees of priority amongſt

amongſt the Saints. Yet is it (I proteſt beyond my ambition to aſpire unto th firſt rankes, my deſires only are, and ſhall be onely happy therein, to be b the laſt man, and bring up the Rere i Heaven.

Againe, I am confident, and fully per ſwaded, yet dare not take my oath o my ſalvation; I am as it were ſure and do beleeve, without all doubt, that there i ſuch a City as *Conſtantinople*, yet for m to take my oath thereon, were a kind o perjury, becauſe I hold not infallibl warrant from my own ſenſe to confirm me in the certainty thereof. And truely, though many pretend an abſolute certainty of their ſalvation, yet when a humble ſoule ſhal contemplate her own unworthineſſe, ſhe ſhall meete with many doubts and ſuddainely find how much we ſtand in need of the precept o Saint *Paul*, *Worke out your ſalvation with feare and trembling*. That which is the cauſe of my election, I hold to be the cauſe of my ſalvation, which was the mercy, and beneplacity of God, before

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was, or the foundation of the world: *efore Abraham was, I am*; is the saying f Chriſt, yet is true, if I ſay it of my elfe, for I was not onely before my ſelf, ut *Adam*, that is, in the Idea of God, nd the decree of that Synod held from ll Eternity. And in this ſenſe I ſay, the orld world was before the Creation, nd at an end before it had a beginning.

Inſolent zeales that deſtroy good orkes and rely upon faith, take not a- way merit: for depending upon the ef- icacy of their faith, they enforce the ondition of God, and in a more ſophi- ticall way doe ſeeme to challenge Hea- ven. It was ordered by God, that one- y thoſe that lapt in the water like dogs hould have the honour to deſtroy the *Midianites*, yet could none of thoſe juſt- y challenge, or imagine he deſerved the honour: Thereupon I do not deny, but hat true faith, and ſuch as God requires, s not onely a marke or token, but alſo a meanes of our Salvation, but where to find this, is as obſcure to me, as my laſt nd. And if our Saviour could object

unto

unto his owne Diſciples, and favourites a faith, that to the quantity of a graine of Muſtard ſeed, is able to remove mountaines; ſurely that which wee boaſt of, is not any thing, or at the moſt, but a remove from nothing.

This is the Tenor of my beliefe, wherein, though there be many things ſingular, and to the humour of my irregular ſelfe, yet, if they ſquare not with maturer Judgements, I diſclaime them, and doe no further father them, then the learned and beſt Judgements ſhall authorize them.

The Second part.

NOw for the other Vertue of Charity, without which faith is a meere notion, and of no exiſtence, I have ever endevoured to nouriſh this mercifull diſpoſition, and humane inclination, which I borrowed from my Parents, and regu-

late

te it to the preſcribed Lawes of Cha-
ty; and if I hold the true Anatomy of
y ſelfe, I am delineated and naturally
amed to ſuch a piece of vertue, for I am
f a conſtitution ſo generall, that it con-
orts, and ſympathizeth with all things;
have no antipathy, or rather Idio-ſyn-
raſie, in dyet, humour, ayre, any thing;
wonder not at the *French*, for their
iſhes of froggs, ſnailes, and toadſtooles;
Nor at the Jewes for Locuſts, & Graſſe-
oppers, but being amongſt them, make
hem my Common viands. And I find
ey agree with my ſtomach as well as
heirs; I could digeſt a Sallad gathered
a Church-yard, as well as in a Gar-
en. I cannot ſtart at the preſent of a
erpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salaman-
er; at the ſight of a Toad, or Viper, I
nde in me no deſire to take up a ſtone
o deſtroy them. I feele not in my ſelfe
hoſe common antipathies that I can
iſcover in others: Thoſe nationall re-
ugnancies do not touch me; nor doe I
ehold with prejudice, the *Flemmiſh*, *I-*
alian, *Spaniard*, or *Dutch*; but where I
find

finde their actions in ballance with my Country mens; I honour, love, and embrace them in some degree; I was born in the eighth Climate, but seemed forty beframed and constellated unto all; I am no plant that will not prosper out of a Garden. All places, all ages, make unto me one Country; I am in *England* every where, and under any meridian. I have beene shipwrackt, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds; I can study, play, or sleepe in a tempest. In briefe, I am averse from nothing, neither Plant, Animall, nor Spirit; my Conscience would give me the lye, if I should say I absolutely deteſt, or hate the Devill, or at least abhorre him, but that we may come to composition. Is there any thing among those common objects of hatred that I can safely, I doe contemne and laugh at? That great inquiry of reason, vertue, and Religion, the multitude, that numerous piece of Monstruosity, which taken asunder, seemes the reasonable Creatures of God; but confused together make but one great beast, and a monster.

monſter, more prodigious then *Hydra*; it is no breach of Charity to call thoſe fooles, it is the ſtile all holy Writers have afforded them, ſet downe by *Solomon* in the holy Scripture, and a point of our faith to beleeve ſo. Neither in the name of multitude do I only include the baſe and minor ſort of people; there is a rabble even amongſt the Gentry, a ſort of Plebeian heads, whoſe fancy move with the ſame wheele as theſe men, even in the ſame Levell with Mechanickes, though their fortunes doe ſomewhat guild their infirmities, and their purſes compound for their follies. But as in caſting account, three or foure men together come ſhort in account of one man placed by himſelf below them: So neither are a troop of thoſe ignorant Doradoes, of that true eſteeme and value, as many a forlorne perſon, whoſe condition doth place them below their feet. Let us ſpeake like Politicians, there is a Nobility without Heraldry, a naturall dignity, whereby one man is Ranked with another, and Filed before him, ac-

cording to the quality of his deſert, and preheminence of his good parts: though the corruption of theſe times, & the by of this preſent practiſe wheele another way: thus it was in the firſt and privitiv Common-wealth, and is yet in the integrity and Cradle of well-ordered po lities, till corruption getteth ground, ru der deſires labouring after that whic wiſer conſiderations contemn, every on having a liberty to amaſſe and heape u riches, and therewith a licenſe or facul ty to doe or purchaſe any thing. The ge nerall and indifferent temper of mine doth more neerely diſpoſe me to thi noble vertue. It is a happineſſe to b borne and framed unto vertue, and t grow up from the ſeeds of nature, rathe then the inoculation and forced graffe of education, yet if we are directed on ly by our particular Natures, and regu late our inclinations by no higher rul than that of our reaſons, we are but Mo raliſts; Divinity will ſtill call us hea thens. Therefore this great worke o Charity, muſt have other motives, ends

and

and impulſions: I give no almes to ſatiſ-
fie the hunger of my Brother, but to ful-
fill and accompliſh the Will and Com-
mand of my God; I draw not my purſe
for his ſake that demands it, but his that
enjoyned it; I relieve no man upon the
Rhetoricke of his miſeries, nor to con-
tent mine owne commiſerating diſpoſi-
tion, for this is ſtill but morall Charity,
and an act that oweth more to paſſion
then reaſon. He that relieves another
upon the bare ſuggeſtion and bowels of
pity, doth not ſo much for his ſake as
for his own: for by compaſſion we make
others miſeries our owne, and ſo by re-
lieving them, we relieve our ſelves al-
ſo.

It is an erroneous conceite to redreſſe
other mens misfortunes upon the com-
mon conſiderations of merciful natures,
that it may be one day our owne caſe,
for this is a ſiniſter, and politicke kind of
Charity, whereby we ſeeme to beſpeake
the pities of men in the like occaſions;
and I have obſerved that thoſe profeſ-
ſed Eleemoſynaries, though in a croud

or multitude, doe yet place their petitions on a few and selected persons.

There is surely a Physiognomy, which those experienced and Master Mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a mercifull aspect, and will single out a face, wherein they spy the signatures and markes of pity: for there are mystically in our faces certaine characters which carry in them the motto of our Soules, wherein he that can read *A.B.C.* may read our natures. I behold moreover that there is a Phistognomy, or Physiognomy, not onely of men, but of Plants, and Vegetables; and in every one of them, some outward figures which hang as signes or bushes of their inward formes.

The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his workes, not graphicall or composed of Letters, but of their severall formes, constitutions, parts and operations, which aptly joyned together, make one word that doth expresse their natures. By those Letters God cals the Stars by their names, and

by

by this Alphabet *Adam* assigned to every nature, a name peculiar to its Nature. Now there are besides these Characters in our faces, certaine mysticall figures in our hands, which I dare not call meere dash strokes, a Lavole, or at randome, because delineated by a pencill, that never workes in vaine; and hereof I take the more particular notice, because I carry that in mine owne hand, which I could never read of, nor discover in another. *Aristotle*, I confesse, in his acute, and singular booke of Physiognomy, hath made mention of Chiromancy, yet I beleeve the *Egyptians*, who were ever addicted to those abstruse and mysticall sciences, had a knowledge therein, to which those vagabond and counterfeit *Egyptians* doe yet pretend, and perhaps retain a few corrupted principles, which sometimes may verifie their Prognostickes.

It is a common wonder of all men, how among so many millions of faces, there should be none alike; Now contrary; I wonder as much how there

ſhould be any, he that ſhall conſider how many thouſand ſeverall words have beene careleſſely and without ſtudy compoſed out of 24. Letters; withall how many hundred lines there are to be drawne in the fabricke of one man; ſhall eaſily find that this variety is neceſſary. And it will be very hard that they ſhall ſo concurre as to make one portract like another. Let a Painter carefully limbe out a Million of faces, and you ſhall finde them all different, and after all this art there will remaine a ſenſible diſtinction from the patterne of every thing in the perfecteſt of that kind; wherefore we ſhall ſtill come ſhort, though we tranſcend or goe beyond it, becauſe herein it is wide and agrees not in all points unto its Coppy, nor doth the ſimilitude of Creatures diſparage the variety of nature, nor any way confound the workes of God. For even in things alike there is a diverſity, and thoſe that doe ſeeme to accord, doe manifeſtly diſagree. And thus is Man like God, for in the ſame things that we reſem-

reſemble him, we are utterly different from him. There was never any thing ſo like another, as in all points to concurre, there will be ever ſome reſerved difference ſlip in, to prevent the Identity without which, two ſeverall things would not be alike, but the ſame, which is impoſſible. But to returne from Philoſophy to Charity, I hold not ſo narrow a conceite of this vertue, as to conceive that to give almes, is onely to be charitable, or thinke a piece of Liberality can comprehend the Totall of Charity; Divinity hath wiſely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way, many paths unto goodneſſe; as many wayes as we may doe good, ſo many wayes we may be charitable, there are infirmities, not onely of body, but of Soule, and fortunes, which doe require the mercifull hand of our abilities.

I cannot contemn a man for ignorant, but behold him with as much pity as I doe *Lazarus*. It is no greater Charity to cloath his body, then apparell the na-

kedneſſe of his Soule. It is an honourable obje&t to ſee the reaſons of other men were our Liveries, and their borrowed underſtandings doe homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapeſt way of beneficence, and like the naturall charity of the Sunne illuminates another without obſcuring it ſelfe. To be reſerved in this part of goodneſſe, is the ſordideſt piece of covetouſneſſe, and more contemptible then the pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling my ſelfe a Scholler) I am obliged by the duty of my condition, I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treaſury of knowledge, I intend no Monopoly, but a Community in learning, I ſtudy not for my owne ſake onely, but for theirs that ſtudy not for themſelves. I envy no man that knowes more then my ſelfe, but I pity them that know leſſe. I inſtruct no man as an exerciſe of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nouriſh and keep it alive in mine owne head, then beget and ingender it in his; in the midſt of all my endeavours there

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is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts muſt periſh with my ſelfe, nor can be Legacyed among my honoured Friends. I cannot fall out or contemne a man for an errour, or conceive why a difference in opinion ſhould divide our affections: for controverſies, diſputes, and argumentations, both in Philoſophy, & in Divinity, if they meete with diſcreet and peaceable natures, doe not infringe the Lawes of Charity in all diſputes; ſo much as there is of paſſion, ſo much there is of nothing to the purpoſe, for then reaſons, like a bad hound ſpends upon a falſe ſent, and forſakes the queſtion firſt ſtarted. And this is one reaſon why controverſies are never determined, for though they be amply propoſed, they are ſcarce at all handled, they doe ſo wander with unneceſſary Digreſſions, and the Parentheſis of the party, is often as large as the maine diſcourſe upon the Subject. The Foundations of Religion are already eſtabliſhed and the principles of Salvation ſubſcribed unto by all, there remaines not one con-

controverſie that is worth a paſſion, and yet never any diſputed without, not only in Divinity, but in inferiour Arts: What a Βατεγχελμυομαχία, and hot skirmiſh is betwixt *S.* and *T.* in *Lucian*: ſo doth Grammarians hacke and ſlaſh for the Genitive caſe in *Jupiter*. How many Synods have beene aſſembled and angerly broke up againe about a line in *Propria quæ Maribus?* How doe they break their owne pates to ſalve that of *Priſcian*: *Si foret in terris rideret Democritus*. Yea, even amongſt wiſer militants, how many wounds have beene given, and credits ſhamed for the poore victory of an opinion or beggerly conqueſt of a diſtinction? Schollers are men of peace, they beare no arms, but their tongues are ſharper then *Actius* his razor, their pens carry farther, and give a lowder report then thunder; I had rather ſtand in the ſtroke of a Baſiliſco then in the fury of a mercileſſe pen. It is not meere zeale to learning, or devotion to the Muſes, that wiſer Princes Patron the Arts, and carry an indulgent reſpect unto Schollers,

lers, but a desire to have their names e-ternized by the memory of their Wri-ings, and a feare of the revengefull pen of succeeding ages: for these are men, hat when they have played their parts, nd had their *exits*, must step out and give the morall of their Scenes, and de-iver unto posterity anInventory of their vertues and vices. And surely there goes great deale of conscience to the com-piling of an History, and there is no re-proach to the scandall of a Story. It is such an authenticke kinde of falsehood hat with authority belies our good names to all Nations and Posterities.

There is another offence to Charity, which no Author hath ever written of, nd few take notice of, and that is the eproach, not of whole professions, my-teries and conditions, but of whole na-ions, wherein lye opprobrious Epithets hat we must call each other, and upon ncharitable Logick from a disposition n a few conclude a habit in all.

Le mutin Anglois et le Brenach Escossois,
Le bougre Italien & le fol Francois,

Le

Le Poultron Romane et le carron Gaſcoin,
Le Eſpagnol ſuperb et le Almain jurogn.

S. *Paul* that cals the *Cretians* lyers doth it but indirectly and upon quotation of their owne Poet. It is as bloudy a thought in one way as *Neroes* was in another.

For by a word we wound a thouſand and at one blow aſſaſſine the Honour of a Nation. It is a compleate piece of madneſſe to miſcall and raile againſt the times, or thinke to recall men to reaſon, by a fit of paſſion: *Democritus* that thought to laugh the times into goodneſſe, ſeemes to me as deepely Hypochondriack, as *Heraclitus* that bewailed them; it moves not my ſpleene to behold the multitude in their proper humours, that is, in their fits of folly and madneſſe, as well underſtanding that Wiſdome is not common to the world, and that it is the priviledge of a few to be vertuous.

They that endevor to aboliſh vice deſtroy alſo vertue, for contraries, though they deſtroy one another, are yet in life

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of one another. Thus vertue (aboliſh vice) is an Idea; againe, the community of ſin doth not deſparage goodneſſe, for when vice gaines upon the major part, vertue, in whom it remaines, becomes more excellent, and being loſt in ſome, multiplies its goodneſſe in another which remaine untouched, and perſiſts intire in the generall inundation. I can therefore behold vice without a ſature content, onely with an admonition, or inſtructive apprehenſion; for Noble natures, and ſuch as are capable of goodneſſe, are not railed into vice, and maintaine the cauſe of injured truth: no man can juſtly cenſure or condemne another, becauſe indeed no man truely knowes another.

This I perceive in my ſelfe, for I am in the darke to all the world, and my neareſt friends behold me but in a cloud; thoſe that know me but ſuperficially, thinke leſſe of me then I do of my ſelfe; thoſe of my neare acquaintance thinke more; God, who truely knowes me, knows that I am nothing, for he beholds

me

me, and all the world, who lookes not on us through a divided ray, or a trajection of a ſenſible ſpecies, but beholds the ſubſtance without the helpes of accidents, and the formes of things, as we their operations. Further, no man can judge another, becauſe no man knowes himſelfe, for we cenſure others but as they diſagree from that humour which we fancy laudable in our ſelves, and commend others but for that wherein they ſeem to quadrate and conſent with us. So that in concluſion, all is but that we all condemne, ſelfe-love, which is the generall complaint of theſe times, and perhaps of thoſe paſt, that charity growes cold; which I perceive moſt verified in thoſe which moſt doe magnifie the fires and flames of zeale; for it is a vertue that beſt agrees with coldeſt natures, and ſuch as are complexioned for humility: But how ſhall we expect charity towards others, when we are uncharitable to our ſelves? and charity beginnes at home, in the voyce of the world, yet is every man his owne greateſt

teſt enemy, and as it were his owne executioner. *Non occides*, is the Commandement of God, yet ſcarce obſerved by any man, for I perceive every man is his owne *Atropos*, and lends a hand to cut the thred of his owne dayes. *Cain* was not therefore the firſt murtherer, but *Adam*, who brought in death; wherof he beheld the practiſe and example in his own ſon *Abel*, and ſaw that verified in the experience of others, which faith could not perſwade him in the Theory of himſelfe.

There is no man that apprehends his owne miſeries leſſe than my ſelfe, and no man that ſo nearely apprehends anothers. I could loſe an arme without a teare, and with few groanes, me thinkes, be quartered into pieces; yet can I weep moſt ſeriouſly at a Play, and receive with a true paſſion, the counterfeit griefs of thoſe knowne and profeſſed impoſtures. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to adde unto any afflicted parties miſery, or endevour to multiply in any man a paſſion, whoſe ſingle nature is already

ready above his patience, and this was the greateſt affliction of *Job*, and thoſe oblique expoſtulations of his friends, a deeper injury then the downe-right blowes of the Devill. It is not the teares of our owne eyes onely, but of our Friends alſo, that doe exhauſt the current of our ſorrowes, which falling into many ſtreames, runne more peaceably and are contented with a narrow channel. It is an act within the power of charity, to tranſlate a paſſion out of one breſt into another, and to divide a ſorrow almoſt out of it ſelfe; for affliction like a dimenſion may be ſo divided, as if not indiviſible, at leaſt to become inſenſible. Now with my friend I deſire not to ſhare or participate, but to ingroſſe his ſorrowes, that by making them mine owne, I may more eaſily diſcuſſe them; for in mine owne reaſon, and within my ſelfe I can command that which I cannot entreat without my ſelf, and within the circle of another. I have often thought thoſe noble paires and examples of friendſhip not ſo truly Hiſto-

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ies of what had beene, as fictions of what ſhould be, but I now perceive nothing in them, but eaſie poſſibilities, nor any thing in the Heroick examples of *Damon* and *Pithias*, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, which I could not performe within the narrow compaſſe of my ſelfe.

That a man ſhould lay down his life for his friend, ſeemes ſtrange to vulgar affections, and ſuch as confine themſelves within that worldly principle, Charity beginnes at home. For mine owne part I could never remember the relations that I held unto my ſelfe, nor the reſpect that I owe unto mine owne nature, in the cauſe of God, my Country, and my Friends. Next to theſe three, I doe embrace my ſelfe; I confeſſe I doe not obſerve that order that the Schooles ordaine our affections, to love our Parents, Wifes, Children, and then our Friends, for excepting the injunctions of Religion, I doe not find in my ſelfe ſuch a neceſſary and indiſſoluble Sympathy to thoſe of my bloud. I hope I doe not breake the fifth Commandement, if I

confeſſe I love my Friend before th
neareſt of my bloud, even thoſe t
whom I owe the principles of life; I n
ver yet caſt a true affection on a Woma
but I have loved my Friend as I doe ve
tue, my ſoule, my God. From hence m
thinkes I doe conceive how God love
man, what happineſſe there is in the lo
of God. Omitting all other, there a
three moſt myſticall unions.

1. Two natures in one perſon.
2. Three perſons in one nature.
3. One ſoule in two bodies.

For though indeed they be really d
vided, yet are they ſo united, as the
ſeeme but one, and make rather a dual
ty then two diſtinct ſoules.

There are wonders in true affections
it is a body of *Ænigmaes*, myſteries an
riddles, wherein two ſo become one, a
they both become two; I love my frien
before my ſelfe, and me thinkes I do
not love him enough; ſome few month
hence my multiplyed affection wi
make me beleeve I have not loved hi
at all, when I am from him, I a
dea

dead till I be with him, when I am with him, I am not ſatisfied, but would ſtill be nearer him: united ſoules are not ſatisfied with embraces, but deſire to be truly each other, which being impoſſible, their deſires are infinite, and muſt proceed without a poſſibility of ſatisfaction. Another miſery there is in affection, that whom we truely love like our owne ſelves, we forget their lookes, nor can our memory retain the Idea of their faces; and it is no wonder, for they are our ſelves, and our affections makes their lookes our owne. This noble affection fals not on vulgar and common conſtitutions, but on ſuch as are marked for vertue, he cannot love his friend with this noble ardor that will in a competent degree affect all. Now if we can bring our affections to looke beyond the body, and caſt an eye upon the ſoule, we have found out the true object, not only of Friendſhip but Charity; and the greateſt happines that we can bequeath the ſoule, is that wherein we al do place our laſt felicity, ſalvation, which though

it be not in our power to beſtow, it is in our charity, and pious invocations to deſire, if not procure and further. I cannot frame a Prayer for my ſelfe in particular, without a catalogue for my friends, nor requeſt a happineſſe wherein my ſociable diſpoſition doth not deſire the fellowſhip of my Neighbour. I never heare the Toll of a paſſing Bell though in my mirth, and at a Taverne, without my prayers and beſt wiſhes for the departing ſpirit; I cannot goe to cure the body of my Patient, but I forget my profeſſion, and call unto God for his ſoule; I cannot ſee one ſay his Prayers but inſtead of imitating him, I fall into a zealous oration for him, who perhaps is no more to me then a common nature: and if God hath vouchſafed a care to my ſupplications, there are ſurely many happy that never ſaw me, and enjoy the bleſſing of mine unknown devotions. To pray for enemies, that is for their ſalvation is no harſh precept but the practiſe of our daily & ordinary devotions. I cannot beleeve the ſtory of

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the *Italian*, our bad wiſhes and uncharitable deſires proceed no further than this life; it is the devill, and the uncharitable votes of hell, that deſire our miſery in the world to come.

To doe no injury, nor take none, was a principle, which to my firme yeares, and impatient affections, ſeemed to containe enough of morality, but my more ſettled yeares, and Chriſtian conſtitution have ſalne upon more ſecurer reſolutions. I hold there is no ſuch thing as injury, that if there be, there is no ſuch injury as revenge, and no ſuch revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, is to maligne himſelfe, that the trueſt way to love another, is to deſpiſe our ſelves. I were unjuſt unto mine owne conſcience, if I ſhould ſay I am at variance with any thing like my ſelfe, I find there are many pieces in this our owne Fabricke of Man; and this frame is raiſed upon a maſſe of Antipathies: I am one me thinkes, but as the world wherein notwithſtanding there are a ſwarme of diſtinct eſſences, and in

them another world of contrarieties which carry private and domeſtick enemies within, publike and more hoſtile adverſaries without.

The devill that did but buffet Saint *Paul*, playes me thinkes at ſharpe with me: Let me be nothing, if within the compaſſe of my ſelfe, I doe not find the battaile of *Lepanto*, paſſion againſt paſſion, reaſon againſt faith, faith againſt the devill, and my conſcience againſt all. There is another man within me, rebukes, commands, and daſtards me. I have no conſcience of Marble to reſiſt the hammer of more heavy offences, nor yet too ſoft and waxen, as to take the impreſſion of each ſingle peccadillo or ſcape of infirmity: I am of a ſtrange beliefe, that it is as eaſie to be forgiven ſome ſinnes, as to commit ſome others. For my originall ſinne, I hold it to be waſhed away in my Baptiſme; for my actual tranſgreſſions I compute and reckon with God, but from my laſt repentance, Sacrament, or abſolution: And therefore am not terrifyed with the ſins

or madneſſe of my youth. I thanke the goodneſſe of God I have no ſinnes that want a name, I am not ſingular in offences, my tranſgreſſions are Epidemicall, and from the common breath of our corruption, yet even thoſe common and *quotidian* infirmities that ſo neceſſarily attend me, and doe ſeeme to be my very nature, have ſo dejected me, ſo broken the eſtimation that I ſhould have otherwiſe, that I repute my ſelfe the moſt abjecteſt piece of mortality, that I deteſt mine owne nature, and in my retired imaginations cannot with-hold my hands from violence on my ſelfe: Divines preſcribe a fit of ſorrow to repentance, there goes indignation, anger, ſorrow, hatred, into mine, paſſions of a contrary nature, which neither ſeeme to ſute with this action, nor my proper conſtitution. It is no breach of charity to our ſelves to be at variance with our vices, nor to abhorre that part of us, which is an enemy to the ground of charity, our God; wherein we doe but imitate our great ſelves the world, whoſe divided antipa-

thies and contrary faces doe yet carry a charitable regard to the whole by their particular diſcords, preſerving the common harmony, and keeping in fetters thoſe powers whoſe rebellions once Maſters, might be the ruine of all. I thanke God, amongſt thoſe millions of vices that I doe inherit and hold from *Adam*, I have eſcaped one, and that is a mortall enemy to charity, the firſt and Father ſinne, not of man, but of devils, Pride, a vice whoſe name is comprehended in a Monoſillable, but in its nature circumſcribed with a world; I have eſcaped it in a condition that can hardly avoid it: thoſe petty acquiſitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, adde no feathers unto mine; I have ſeene a Grammarian, toure, and plume himſelfe over a ſingle line in *Horace*, and ſhew more pride in the conſtruction of one Ode, than the Author in the compoſure of the whole booke. For my owne part beſides the *Fargon* and *Patonis* of ſeverall Provinces, I underſtand no leſſe

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then ſix Languages, yet I proteſt I have no higher conceit of my ſelfe then had our Fathers before the confuſion of *Babel*, when there was but one Language in the world, and none to boaſt himſelfe either Linguiſt or Criticke. I have not onely ſeene ſeverall Countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the Chorography of their Provinces, Topography of their Cities, but underſtood their ſeverall Lawes, Cuſtomes and Policies; yet cannot all this perſwade the dulneſſe of my ſpirit unto ſuch an opinion of my ſelf, as I behold in nimbler & conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their neſt. I know the names, and ſomewhat more, of all the Starres in my Horizon, yet I have ſeene a prating Mariner that could onely name the Points and the North Starre, out-talke me, and conceit himſelf a whole Spheare above me. I know almoſt all the Plants of my time, and of thoſe about me; yet me thinkes I do not know ſo many as when I did but know an hundred, and had ſcarcely ever Simpled further then

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Cheap-ſide: for indeed heads of capacity, and ſuch as are not full with a handfull, or eaſie meaſure of knowledg, think they know nothing, till they know all, which being impoſſible, they fall upon the opinion of *Socrates*, and onely know they know not any thing; I cannot think that *Homer* pined away upon the riddle of the Fiſherman, or that *Ariſtotle*, who underſtood the uncertainety of knowledge, and confeſſed ſo often the reaſon of man too weake for the worke of nature, did ever drowne himſelfe upon the flux, and reflux of *Euripus*: we doe but learne to day, what our better advanced judgements will teach to morrow: and *Ariſtotle* doth inſtruct us, as *Plato* did him; that is, to confute himſelfe. I have run through all ſorts, and find no reſt in any; though our firſt ſtudies and *junior* endevours may ſtile us Peripateticks, Stoicks, or Academicks, yet I perceive the wiſeſt heads prove at laſt, almoſt all Scepticks, and ſtand like *Janus* in the field of knowledge. I have therefore one common and authenticke Philoſophy

phy I learned in the Schooles, whereby I diſcourſe and ſatisfie the reaſon of other men, another more reſerved and drawne from Experience, whereby I content mine owne ſelfe. *Solomon* that complained of ignorance in the height of knowledge, hath not onely humbled my conceits, but diſcouraged my endevours. There is yet another conceit that hath made me ſhut my bookes, which tels me it is a vanity to waſte our dayes in the blind purſuit of knowledge, it is but attending a little longer, and we ſhal enjoy that by inſtinct & infuſion which we endevour all here by labour and inquiſition: it is better to ſit downe in a modeſt ignorance, and reſt contented with the naturall bleſſing of our owne reaſons, then buy the uncertaine knowledge of this life, with ſweat and vexation, which death gives, every ſoole gaines, and is an acceſſary of our glorification.

I was never yet once, and am reſolved never to be married twice, not that I diſallow of a ſecond marriage; as neither

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in all caſes of Polygamy, which conſidering the unequall number of both ſexes may be alſo neceſſary. The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman: man is the whole world and the breath of God, woman the rib onely, a crooked piece of man. I could wiſh that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this triviall and vulgvlar way of coition; It is the fooliſheſt act a wiſe man commits in all his life, nor is there any thing that will deject his cold imagination more, then when he ſhall conſider what an odde and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed; I ſpeak not in prejudice, nor am averſe from that ſweete ſexe, but naturally amorous of all that is beautifull; I can looke a whole day with delight upon a handſome picture, though it be but of an Horſe. It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony, and ſince there is muſicke even in the beauty, and the ſilent notes which *Cupid* ſtrikes, farre ſweeter

ſweeter then the vocall ſound of an inſtrument. For there is a muſicke where-ever there is a harmony, order or proportion, and thus farre we may maintain the muſicke of the ſpheres, for thoſe well ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no ſound to the eare, yet to the underſtanding they ſtrike a note moſt full of harmony.

Whatſoever isharmonically compoſed delights in harmony; which makes me much diſtruſt the ſimetry of thoſe heads which declaime againſt our Church muſicke. For my ſelfe, not onely for my Catholike obedience, but my particular genius, I am obliged to maintaine it, for even that vulgar and Taverne Muſicke which makes one man merry, another mad, ſtrikes in me a deepe fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of my Maker; there is ſomething in it of Divinity more then the eare diſcovers. It is an Hieroglyphicall and ſhadowed leſſon of the whole world, & Creatures of God, ſuch a melody to the eare, as the whole world well underſtood, would afford

afford the understanding. In briefe, it is a sensible fit of that harmony, wch intellectually sounds in the eares of God, it unties the ligaments of my frame, takes me to pieces, dilates me out of my self, & by degrees, me thinks, resolves me into heaven. I wil not say with *Plato*, the Soule is Harmony, but harmonicall, hath its neerest sympathy unto musicke: thus some, whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their soules, are borne Poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto Rime. This made *Tacitus* in the very first line of his story, fall upon a verse; and *Cicero*, the worst of Poets, but disclaiming for a Poet, fall in the very first sentence upon a perfect Hexameter. I feele not in me those sordid, and unchristian desires of my profession, I doe not secretly implore and wish for Plagues, rejoyce at Famins, revolve Ephemerides, and Almanackes in expectation of malignant effects, fatall conjunctions, and Eclipses: I rejoyce not at unwholsome Springs, nor unseasonable Winters, my Prayer goes with the

the Husbandmans; I desire every thing in its proper season, that neither men nor the times be out of temper.

Let me be sicke my selfe, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease to me, I desire rather to cure his infirmities then my owne necessities, where I doe him no good me thinkes it is no honest gaine, though I confesse it to be the worthy salary of our well-intended endeavours: I am not onely ashamed, but heartily sorry, that besides death, there are diseases incurable, yet not for my own sake, or that they be beyond my art, but for the general cause & sake of humanity whose common cause I apprehend as mine own: And to speak more generally, those three Noble professions which al civil Common wealths doe honour, are raised from the fall of *Adam*, & are not any exempt from their infirmities; there are not onely diseases incurable in Physicke, but cases indissoluble in Lawes, Vices incorrigible in Divinity: if general Councells may erre, I doe not see why particular Courts should

ſhould be infallible, their perfecteſt rules are raiſed upon the erroneous reaſons of Man, and the Lawes of one, doe but condemn the rules of another; as *Ariſtotle* the fourth figure, becauſe, though agreeable to reaſon, yet was not conſonant to his owne rules, and the Logicke of his proper principles. Againe, to ſpeake nothing of the ſinne againſt the Holy Ghoſt, whoſe cure not onely, but whoſe nature is unknowne; I can cure the gout or ſtone in ſome, ſooner then Divinity, Pride, or Avarice in others. I can cure vices by Phyſicke, when they remaine incurable by Divinity, and ſhall obey my pils, when they contemne their precepts. I boaſt nothing, but plainely ſay, we all labour againſt our owne cure, for death is the cure of all diſeaſes. There is no Catholicon or univerſall remedy I know but this, which thogh nauſeous to queaſie ſtomachs, yet to prepared appetites is Nectar and a pleaſant potion of immortality. For my converſation, it is like the Sun without all men, and with a friendly aſpect to good and bad. Me thinkes,

thinkes, there is no man bad, and the worſt, beſt; that is, while they are kept within the circle of thoſe qualities, wherein they are good, there is no mans minde of ſuch diſcordance, and of ſo jarring a temper to which a tuneable diſpoſition will not ſtrike a harmony.

Magnæ virtutes, nec minora vitia, it is the poſie of the beſt natures, and may be inverted on the worſt; there are in the moſt depraved and venemous diſpoſitions, certaine pieces which remaine untoucht, which by an Antiperiſtaſis become more excellent, or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to preſerve themſelves from the contagion of their enemy vices, and perſiſt entire beyond the generall corruption. For it is alſo thus in natures. The greateſt Balſames doe lye enveloped in the bodies of powerfull Corraſives: I ſay moreover, and I ground upon experience, that poyſons contain within themſelves their owne Antidotes, and which preſerve them from the venom of themſelves, without which they were not deletorious

letorious to others onely, but to themſelves alſo. But it is the corruption that I feare within me, and the contagion of commerce without me. It is that unruly Regiment within that will deſtroy: It is I that doe inſert my ſelfe the man without a Navell, who yet lives in me. I feele that originall canker corrode and devoure me, and therefore *Defienda me Dios de me*, Lord deliver me from my ſelfe, is part of my Letany, and a firſt voyce of my retired imaginations: there is no man alone, becauſe every man is a Microcoſme, and carries the whole world about him, *Nunquam minus ſolus quam cum ſolus*, though it be the Apophthegme of a wiſe man, is yet true in the mouth of a foole; for indeed, though in a Wilderneſſe, a man is never alone, not onely becauſe he is with himſelfe, and his own thoughts, but becauſe he is with the devill, who ever conſorts with our ſolitude, and is that unruly rebell that muſters up thoſe diſordered motions, which accompany our ſequeſtred imaginations: and to ſpeake more narrowly,

rowly, there is no ſuch thing as ſolitude, nor any thing that can be ſaid to be alone, and by it ſelfe, but God, who is his owne circle, and can ſubſiſt by himſelf, all others beſides thoſe diſſimilary and Heterogeneous parts, which in a manner multiply the natures, cannot ſubſiſt without the concourſe of God, and the ſociety of that hand which doth uphold their natures. In briefe, there can be nothing truely alone, and by its ſelf, which is not truely one, and ſuch is onely God: All others doe tranſcend an unity, and ſo by conſequence are many.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty yeares, which to relate, were not a Hiſtory, but a piece of Poetry, and would ſound to common eares like a fable; for the world, I count it not an Inn, but an Hoſpital, and a place, not to live, but to dye in. The world that I regard is my ſelfe, it is the Microcoſme of mine owne frame, that I caſt mine eye on; for the other, I uſe it but like my Globe, and turne it round ſometimes for my recreation.

Men that looke upon my outside, perusing onely my condition, and fortunes, doe erre in my altitude; for I am above *Atlas* his shoulders. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am the happiest man alive; I have that in me that can convert poverty into riches, adversity into prosperity. I am more invulnerable than *Achilles*, fortune hath not one place to hit me; *Cœlum ruat*, come what will, *Fiat voluntas tua*, salves all, so that whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In briefe, I am content, and what should providence adde more? Surely this is it we call happinesse, and this do I enjoy, with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happinesse in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a neerer apprehension of any thing that delights each of us in our dreames, then in our waked senses; with this I can be a King without a Crowne, rich without Royalty, in heaven, tho on earth, enjoy my friend and embrace him at a distance, without

which

which I cannot behold him, without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgement discontents me, ever whispering unto me, that I am from my friend, but my friendly dreames in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his armes. I thanke God for my happy dreames, as I doe for my good rest, for there is a reflection in them to reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happinesse; and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to thinke we are all asleepe in this world, and that the conceits of this world, are as meare dreames to those of the next, as the Phantasmes of the night; to the conceit of the day. It is an equall delusion in both, & the one doth but seem to be the embleme or picture of the other; we are somewhat more then our selves in our sleepes, and the slumber of the body seemes to be but the waking of our soules. It is the ligation of our sense, but the liberty of reason, our awaking conceptions doe not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my Nativity, my Ascen-

dant was the earthly ſigne of *Scorpio*, I was borne in the Planetary houre of *Saturne*, and I thinke I have a piece of that Leaden Planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor diſpoſed for the mirth and galliardize of company, yet in one dreame I can compoſe a whole Comedy, behold the action in one dreame, apprehend the jeſts, and laugh my ſelfe awake at the conceits thereof; were my memory as faithfull as my reaſon is there fruitfull, I would never ſtudy but in my dreames, and this time alſo would I chuſe for my devotions, but our groſſer memories have then ſo little hold of our abſtracted underſtandings, that they forget the ſtory, and can onely relate to our awaked ſoules, a confuſed and broken tale of that that hath beene paſt. *Ariſtotle*, who hath written a ſingular tract of ſleepe, hath not throughly defined it, nor yet *Galen*, though he ſeeme to have corrected it, for thoſe *Noctiambulones*, though in their ſleepe, doe yet enjoy the action of their ſenſes: we muſt therefore ſay that there is ſomething in us that is

not

not in the jurisdiction of *Morpheus*; and that those abstracted & ecstatick soules doe walke about in their owne corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seeme to heare, see, and feele, though indeed the organs are destitute of senses, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus I observe that men oftentimes upon the houre of their departure, doe speake and reason above themselves. For then the soule beginnes to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like her selfe, and to discourse in a straine above mortality. We tearme death a sleepe, and yet it is waking that kils us, and destroyes those spirits that are the house of life. It is that death by which we may be literally said to dye daily, a death which *Adam* dyed before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point betweene life and death: in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an halfe adiew unto the world; it is a fit time for devotion: I

cannot therefore lay me downe on my bed without an oration, and without taking my farewell in a Colloquie with God.

The night is come like to the day,
Depart not thou great God away.
Let not my ſinnes, blacke as the night,
Eclipſe the luſtre of thy light.
Keepe ſtill in my Horizon, for to me,
The Sun makes not the day, but thee.
Thou whoſe nature cannot ſleepe,
On my temples centry keepe;
Guard me 'gainſt thoſe watchfull foes,
Whoſe eyes are open, while mine cloſe.
Let not dreames my head inſeſt,
But ſuch as Jacobs *temples bleſt.*
While I doe reſt, my ſoule advance,
Make me ſleepe a holy trance:
That I may take my reſt being wrought,
Awake into ſome holy thought.
And with as active vigor run
My courſe, as doth the nimble Sun.
Sleepe is a death, O make me try,
By ſleeping what it is to dye.
And downe as gently lay my head.
On my Grave, as now my Bed.
Howere refreſh'd, great God let me
Awake againe at laſt with thee.

And

And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsie dayes, in vaine
I doe now wake to sleepe againe.
O come that houre, when I shall never
Sleepe thus againe, but wake for ever.

This is the dormitory I take to bedward, use no other *Laudanum* to sleepe, after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the Sun, and to sleepe unto the Resurrection.

The method I would use in distributive justice, I also observe in commutative, and keepe a Geometricall proportion in both, whereby becomming equable to others, I become unjust to my self, and supererogate that common principle, Doe as thou wouldst be done unto thy selfe.

I was not borne unto riches, neither is it my Starre to be wealthy; or if it were, the freedome of my mind, and frankneſſe of my diſpoſition, were able to contradict and croſſe my fates: for to me avarice ſeemes not ſo much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madneſſe; to conceive

ceive our ſelves Urinals, or be perſwaded that wee are dead, is not ſo ridiculous, nor ſo many degrees beyond the power of Hellebore, as this.

The opinions of theory and poſitions of men are not ſo voyd of reaſon, as their practiſed concluſion: ſome have held that Snow is blacke, that the earth moves, that the ſoule is ayre, fire, water, but all this is Philoſophy, and there is no *Delirium*, if we doe but ſpeculate the folly and indiſputable dotage of avarice to that ſubterraneous Idol, and God of the earth. I doe confeſſe I am an Atheiſt, I cannot perſwade my ſelfe to honour that the world adores, whatſoever vertue its prepared Sublime may have within my body, it hath no influence nor operation without; I would not entertaine a baſe deſigne, or an action that ſhould call me villaine, for the Indies, and for this only doe I love and honour my ſoule, and have, me thinkes, two armes too few to embrace my ſelfe. *Ariſtotle* is too ſevere, that will not allow us to be truly liberal without wealth, and the bountifull hand

of

of fortune; If this be true, I muſt confeſſe I am charitable onely in my liberall intentions, & bountifull well-wiſhes. But if the example of the Mite be not onely an act of wonder, but an example of the nobleſt charity, I can juſtly boaſt I am as charitable as ſome who have built Hoſpitals, or erected Cathedrals: I have a private method which others obſerve not, I take the opportunity of my ſelfe to doe good, I borrow occaſion of charity from mine owne neceſſities; I ſupply the wants of others, when I am in moſt need my ſelfe, when I am reduced to the laſt teſter, I love to divide it to the poore, for it is an honeſt ſtaragem to take the advantage of our ſelves, and ſo to husband the acts of vertue, that where they are defective in one circumſtance, they may repay their want, and multiply their goodneſſe in another. I hath not *Peru* in my deſires, but a competence and ability to performe thoſe good workes to which the Almighty hath inclined my nature. He is rich, who have enough to be charitable, & it is hard to

be

be ſo poore, that a noble mind may not finde a way to this piece of goodneſſe. *He that giveth to the poore, lendeth to the Lord*, there is more Rhetorick in that one ſentence then in a Library of Sermons, & indeed if thoſe ſentences were underſtood by the Reader, with the ſame Emphaſis as they are delivered by the Author, we need not thoſe Volums of inſtructions, but might bee honeſt by an Epitome. Upon this motion onely I cannot behold a Begger without relieving his neceſſities with my purſe, or his ſoule with my prayers; the ſcenicall and accidentall differences betweene us cannot make me forget that common & untoucht part of us both, the ſoule being of the ſame alloy with our owne, whoſe Genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as faire a way to ſalvation, as our ſelves. Statiſts that labour to conceive a Common-wealth without poverty, doe take away the object of charity, not underſtanding onely the Common-wealth of a Chriſtian, but forgetting the prophecy of Chriſt.

Now

Now there is another part of charity, which is the Basis and Pillar of this, and that is the love of God, for whom we love our neighbour: for this I thinke charity, to love God for himselfe, and our neighbour for God.

All that is truly amiable is God, or as it were a divided piece of him, that retaines a reflex or shadow of himselfe. Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible, all that we truly love is thus, what we adore under affection of our senses, deserves not the honour of so pure a title. Thus we adore vertue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible. Thus that part of our loving friends that we love, is not that part that we embrace; but that insensible part that our armes cannot embrace. God being all goodnesse, can love nothing but himselfe, he loves us but for that part, which is as it were himselfe, and the traduction of his holy Spirit. Let us call to assize the lives of our parents, the affection of our wives and children, and they are all dumbe

ſhowes, and dreames without reality, truth, or conſtancy; for firſt thereis a ſtrong bond of affection between us and our parents, yet how eaſily diſſolved we betake our ſelves to a woman, forgetting our mothers in a wife, and the wombe that bare us in that that ſhall beare our image? This woman bleſſing us with children, our affections leaves the levell it held before, and ſinkes from our bed unto our iſſue and picture of poſterity, where affection holds no ſteady manſion. They growing up in yeares deſire our ends, or applying themſelves to a woman, take a lawfull way to love another better then our ſelves. Thus I conceive a man may be buryed alive, and behold his grave in his owne iſſue.

I conclude therfore, and ſay that there is no happineſſe under (or as *Copernicus* will have it, above) the Sun, in that repeated verity and burthen of all the wiſdome of *Solomon*, *All is vanity and vexation of ſpirit*; there is no felicity in that the world adores. *Ariſtotle* whilſt he labours to refute the Ideas of *Plato*, fals upon

on one himſelfe, for his *ſummum bonum*, is a *Chimæra*, and there is no ſuch thing as his Felicity. That wherein God himſelfe is happy, the holy Angels are happy, in whoſe defects the devils are unhappy; that dare I call happineſſe: whatſoever conduceth unto this, may with an eaſie Metaphor deſerve that name, what ſoever elſe the world termes happineſſe, is to me a ſtory, or apparition, or neat deluſion, wherein there is no more of happineſſe then the name.

Bleſſe me in this life with the peace of my conſcience, command of my affections, the love of my deareſt friends, and I ſhall be happy enough to pity *Cæſar*.

Theſe are O Lord happineſſe on earth wherein I ſet no rule or limit to thy providence, diſpoſe of me according to the juſtice of thy pleaſure. Thy will be done, though in mine owne damnation.

FINIS.